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APRIL 97

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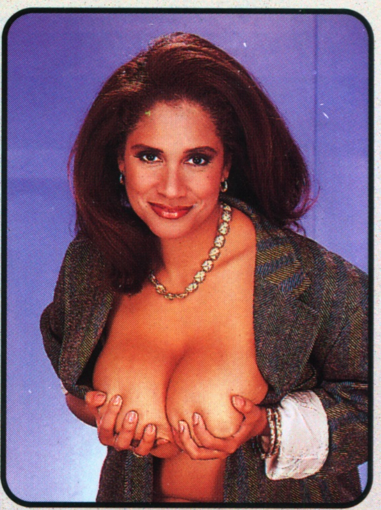

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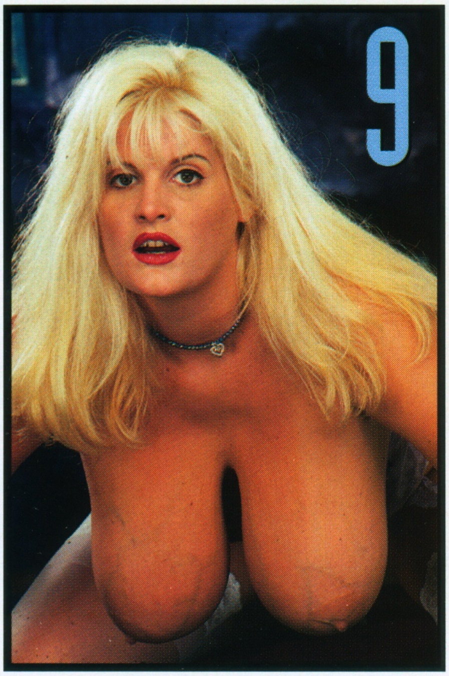

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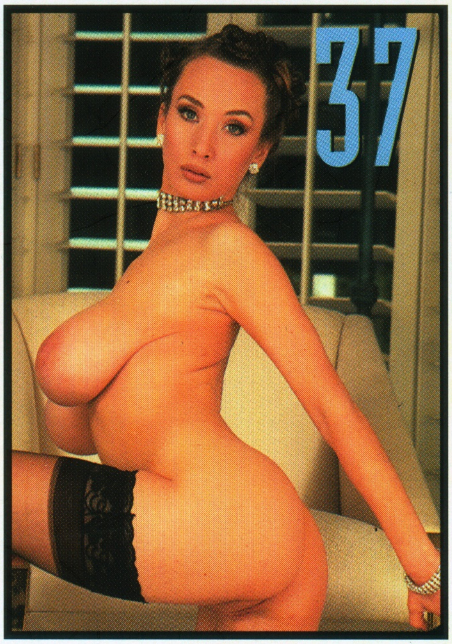

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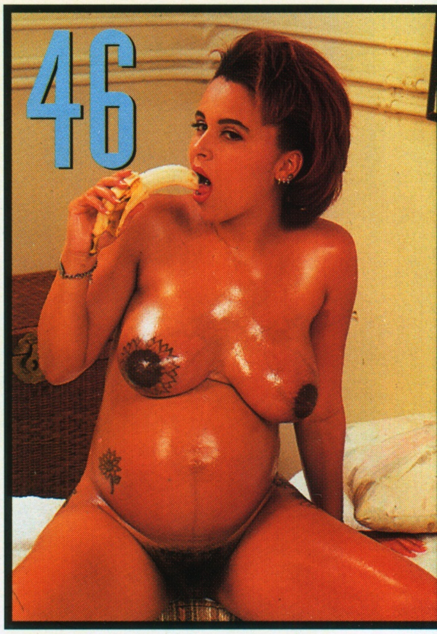

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JUGGS

The Dirtiest Tit-Mag In The World

APRIL 1997

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MM PUBLICATIONS LTD.
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LETTERS

Dear Juggs,
Dear Jugg-
Dear Juggs,
Dear Juggs,
DEAR JUGG..
Dear Juggs,
U.S. MAIL

Here ya go. More exciting letters with readers' real life big tit adventures. If you have a great experience to share or just a really dirty tit fantasy, send it in to:

DEAR JUGGS,
462 BROADWAY, SUITE 4000, NY, NY 10013

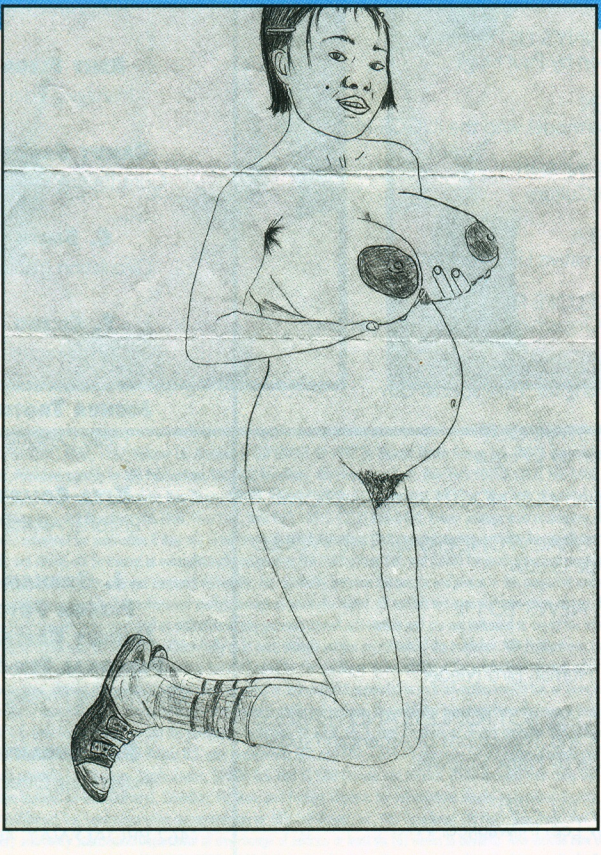
DIGS KELLEI'S DUGS

Wow, your October 1996 issue with "Kellei Prego's Progress" was the reason I bought the issue. It's a good thing that I had the May 1996 issue so I could make a comparison to Kellei's slim waist to her now swollen & distended belly. Her tits have also changed into mammoth balloons with dark round chocolate nipples. I can't wait to see Kellei at 9 months.

JUGGS should photograph a young attractive woman like Kellei and show her metamorphosis from a trim woman in heels, stockings, long fingernails, makeup to a woman as she gets more heavily pregnant, short fingernails, Birkenstock sandals or slippers with socks, less makeup, plainer hairstyle and letting her underarm hair go unshaved. JUGGS should photograph more oriental women who are heavily pregnant.

John Preston

Excellent drawing, Mr. Preston. We've put out an all-points bulletin for boobalicious Asian gals who dig hippie footwear and body-hair styles. Keep on reading JUGGS! -Ed.



GOLDURN IT! LOST ANOTHER ONE!

To Whom This May Concern,

My name is Gary Morton. I use to be a advid reader of JUGGS. I use to buy JUGGS all of the time. Now, I don't buy it anymore. And I encourage other white people not to buy it.

The reason Candy Samples. She made a statement that black men are better lovers than white. Plus, she has bedded several negroes of her own. I can't go for that. White men are the best llovers in the world, and white women are the most beautiful in the world.

Just because Candy degraded herself by laying with the monkey. That doesn't mean all white women should follow her lead.

If I wanted to see Negroes, I would buy PLAYER or BLACK TAIL. If I wanted to see white man degraded like Candy has done, I'll subscribe to the NAACP.

I understand that I'm only one person, and I can't make a difference in your profits. At least, I know, I'm doing my part.

Contrary on what Candy said. There is a big difference between the white man (civilized) and the Negro (uncivilized). I don't like the way they walk. I don't like the way they talk. And I don't like the way they smell (stink).

Any white person who lays with them are filthy people.

As now, I have no recoarse but to stop by JUGGS. A once beautiful magazine, with big beautiful women in them. Bye now,

Gary Morton
Dixon, Illinois

Candy sez, simply: "I love ALL men." We hope you'll learn to do the same, Gary. We at JUGGS are against racism. We'll miss you as a reader. Let us know if you change your mind. —Ed.

LUVZ EFFI'Z FUZZ

Dear Effi,

Will I not a good writer but to let you know that I saw you in the JUGGS magazine November 96 and you got my looks at you. I love hairy women but women are not hairy in USA. I did not know that Chloe had a older sister your is gorgeous like you too. I like to have a gorgeous woman like you. I only had sex three time my life and I like to know like to eat some pussy? I never did. I'mhairy all over most women do not like that so like to know if you like me to be your man. I'm 38 years old 5' 10" 200. I like give you all the loven and sex you love have.

Love Russell van W.

Let's hope Effi reads the letters column, Russ. You think there aren't any hairy chicks here in the good ol' USA? Guess again! We suggest you contact HAIR TO STAY magazine.

MARRIAGE-MINDED MAMMARY MAN

Dear JUGGS,

Hello. My name is David A. Gibson. I am a 38 YO. AFRICAN AMERICAN (BLACK) MALE. I am 5'7", with SHORT BLACK HAIR, DARK BROWN EYES, and a LIGHT SKINNED COMPLEXION. I am employed as a TRANSIT OPERATOR (BUS DRIVER), in SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA.

I weigh 240 LBS. I am SINGLE, CHILDLESS, and I have NEVER BEEN MARRIED. I am currently ISO of YOUNG WOMAN (BLACK or CAUCASIAN), between the AGES of 29 to 38 YRS., who is also SINGLE, CHILDLESS, NEVER MARRIED, and also (LIKE MYSELF), free of DRUGS, DISEASE, ALCOHOL, MENTAL ILLNESS, A CRIMINAL RECORD, PROFANITY, PROSTITUTION, and a NON-SMOKER.

Since I have LONG HAD A PRIVATELY/STRONG ATTRACTION TO "LARGE-BREASTED, VERY BUXOM LADIES (CLEAVAGE a PLUS)" I saw no harm in writing to JUGGS just to let you know that if any of the BEAUTY AND BUSTY LADIES of your magazine are interested in A CORRESPONDENCE WITH ME, they can simply write to me at the address below.

If at all possible, just CIRCULATE ALL OF MY ENCLOSED PERSONAL INFORMATION and PHOTOGRAPH among ALL or ANY BUXOM LADIES or LADY who JUST MIGHT BE INTERESTED. I am fully aware of the fact that JUGGS is only a MAGAZINE, and NOT A NATIONAL DATING, or MARRIAGE SERVICE. But since I am attracted TO VERY BUXOM LADIES, and seeking a BUSTY LADY AS A PARTNER for LIFE, I saw no harm in making this request to JUGGS. I will not only PLACE A SUBSCRIPTION TO JUGGS IN HOPES OF FINDING THAT "BUXOM QUEEN", that I AM SEEKING, but I will ALSO PAY JUGGS MAGAZINE $300.00 if you can LOCATE A TOP HEAVY "BUXOM" QUEEN, who just might be INTERESTED IN CORRESPONDING WITH ME.

THIS REQUEST IS NOT A JOKE. I AM QUITE SERIOUS ABOUT FINDING THIS "SPECIAL BUXOM BEAUTY", and paying you as well. AGAIN! THIS IS NOT A PRACTICAL JOKE. VERY SERIOUS. I will RESPOND TO ANY YOUNG BUSTY BEAUTY, who feels that SHE MEETS MY CRITERIA IN A MATE.

ALL RESPONSES WILL BE ANSWERED. NO ONE WILL BE IGNORED. JUGGS WILL BE PAID IF YOU CAN ASSIST ME IN MY SEARCH FOR MY "BUXOM", "CHEST HEAVY" QUEEN.

For a QUICK RESPONSE, any interested TOP HEAVY BEAUTY may phone me at (415) 929-8498 MONDAY thru SATURDAY 8 am to 4:30 pm (MY TIME), 11 am until 7:30 pm (EST).

THANKS FOR YOUR ASSISTANCE.
Sincerely and faithfully,
David A. Gibson
880 McAllister (Apt. L)
San Francisco CA 94102

Thanks for your nice letter, David. We've shown your photo to many of the JUGGS lovelies. C'mon, all you big-titted gals out there in JUGGSland—write to our good buddy. We know he'll make a hell of a husband to some lucky bosom queen and besides, the BUCK$$$ he's offering us would sure come in handy! —Ed.

BONKERS FOR TASHA'S BUTTON

Dear Tasha,

Hi, how are you doing?

Tasha I like your picture in JUGGS & you look great.

Tasha my hobbies are bowling & bike riding & singing & belly dancing.

Tasha I like to do a blowjob with you & we will have a great time together alone. Tasha is your belly button a innie? To let you know Tasha my belly button is a deep innie. Is it cute? Tasha will you send me a color picture of yourself in naked? Tasha I hope that someday that we will get along & what will say to me if see in naked. I'll hope you will let me feel your belly button. Will you write to me?

from Jerome K.

Tasha's a shallow innie. Her belly button is very pussy-like, very erotic. She cums when men touch or lick it. Tasha also loves to suck cock. Just thought you'd like to know. —Ed.

PUBLISHER THE JUGGS WESTCOAST

Rhonda Baxter

BEST JUGGS IN THE WEST!
48-27-32!

Write to Rhonda Baxter c/o JUGGS,
462 Broadway, Suite 4000,
NY NY 10013.
Don't forget the pix!!! She means it when she says she digs 'em!

Hi! My name is Rhonda Baxter and my measurements are 48-27-32. I've been modeling for six years.

I grew up in Tennessee on a farm. I had a big family and we lived way out in the country, so I didn't get many chances to go out on dates until I moved out on my own when I was eighteen. So yes, I was a virgin until I was eighteen. After I finally got to have sex, I couldn't believe I had waited so long. I loved it!

I'll tell you about my first time after we've gotten to know each other better.

Around the time of my nineteenth birthday, one of my girlfriends, who was a very experienced slut, told me that California men were real studs. I naturally moved out to California for a taste of that action! I haven't budged since. I'll let you in on a secret, though: West Coast men aren't all that different from East Coast men, they just have better tans. I guess I love all men.

My move to California proved to be a good one for my career, too. I was approached by lots of photographers. They'd see me in my teenie-weenie bikini and they'd just run right up and ask me to pose. The first few times I was like 'Ick!' but then I figured, 'Why not?'

I'll never forget the first time I posed nude. I was pretty nervous, but the photographer, Bob, was very gentle and made me feel comfortable. He said I had really beautiful breasts and took a few polaroids so I could see. He was right, I didn't look bad at all. I had a bitchin' body! As Bob's camera clicked away, I started to get turned on. I asked Bob if I could masturbate a little and he said 'Sure!' Not bad for a first-timer, huh? Bob got it all on film, and I could tell he had a stiffie in his pants. I decided I'd be a very good nude model.

I really loved seeing myself in magazines, and I loved knowing that lots of men were enjoying my pictures. I'll never forget the first time I watched a man jack off. He was embarrassed, but I told him he had to do it or I wouldn't give him any. He started jacking pretty quick! It got me real excited to watch the cum fly out. I feel really confident about my body thanks to all the men who've written me and told me that I'm beautiful and that I get them all horny.

Lots of guys have come up to me in the street or on the beach saying, 'Hey! I saw your pictures!' I feel like I'm a movie star or something. It's fun!

I haven't posed in about a year and a half now, so I was really thrilled when I found out that the nice people at JUGGS (my favorite magazine, by the way) had chosen me to be the new West Coast rep. I love the idea of writing a regular column. I want to share my adventures, and hear all about yours. You'd better write to me! Another thing I really like is to get pictures, especially pictures of you guys jacking off for me. I have a confession to make—the last time a guy sent me a picture of himself jacking off, I got kind of obsessed with it. I kept it on the table next to my bed and every night, before I went to sleep, I'd look at the photo and masturbate with it. It was very special. I still have it.

I'm a big hockey fan. Sure, it's a great game, but what I really think about while I'm watching a game is how cool it would be to have sex on the ice. It's a slippery fantasy. I wouldn't mind doing it while the whole crowd was watching and yelling stuff.

I guess you all know that I had a baby recently, since I was pregnant the last time you saw me in JUGGS. The whole thing was very beautiful, and I was very horny after the delivery even though most of my girlfriends said I wouldn't be. The only disappointing thing was the milk. I squirted for a few weeks after the delivery, but then the milk dried up. I was hoping to give my hubby some milk handjobs. The idea of doing it with formula didn't seem to excite him very much. My tits stayed real big even though there wasn't any milk left in 'em. I definitely plan to get pregnant again, maybe next time there'll be more white stuff squirting out. I hope so. Reny told me JUGGS has never had a milker rep before.

I'm really happy to be in JUGGS. I can't wait to hear from all you guys out there. See you soon!

—Rhonda Baxter

Bianca Del Mar

R NEW EAST COAST REPRESENTATIVE
38DD-27-37!

THE JUGGS EASTCOAST PUBLISHER

name is Bianca del Mar. I was born in the greatest world: New York, New York. I was raised both here ope. You could say that I'm quite cosmopolitan. I was about sex, and I was always eager to learn new things different experiences. I love living in New York. It's a swinging town.

narried woman, with children. I love my husband and happy in many different ways. He loves to encourage exhibitionism and I couldn't think of a better way to my shapely, well-endowed body than to be the new tive of his favorite magazine: JUGGS. My husband a loyal reader of the The World's Dirtiest Tit-Mag for ars before he met me. I remember the first time I hirt off for him; he nearly started crying! My big tits his favorite fantasy come true.

tell you about my tits. I know you're interested. ed growing when I was still pretty young, and were oped when I was in my teens. They're 100% natural —no surgery here! They're also very sensitive. s I think they're even more sensitive than my pussy. d was handing out clits, I must have gotten in line s: once for my pussy, the other two times for each of aybe even a fourth time for the erotic zone between s—the cleavage. I have tons of cleavage; I love to get re and I have actually cum several times when a man orgasm and shot his sperm there.

I rub my nipples against a man's body and cock, it ke when I rub my clit, or have it rubbed for me. If a ezes my nipples in the right way, I almost always have .

'm talking about men other than my husband, I should am an active swinger. My husband and I have a totally riage. I am happy when he makes love to other love to share women with him, since I have marked ndencies. I am also very highly-sexed, and need more any one man could possibly supply. My husband fully ds this, and he's very happy when I tell him about my es with other men. Sometimes he even likes to watch g fucked by other guys. Especially when they fuck my ts.

often, my husband and I host orgy scenes at our . It's a real turn-on for both of us to have so many bodies writhing in ecstasy on our living room floor. I most times I have cum in one night is twenty-six!

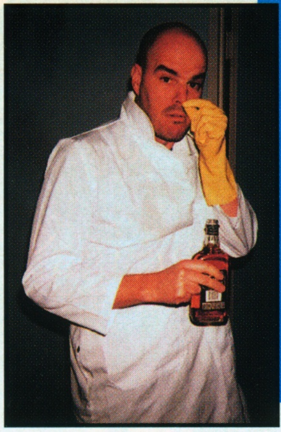
so travel a lot, looking for other swingers to share un. We've been down to Florida several times and swinging adventures as far north as Boston. We're to meet a couple in Pittsburgh next month. They've me pictures, and I was amazed to see that the breasts were nearly as big as mine. Her pussy looks ed; I can't wait to eat it and watch it get fucked by my cock. The man also seems like a sexually vibrant person. His cock was soft in the photo, but it seemed big. I'm excited about our upcoming hope both of them will pay lots of attention to my tits. I need so much licking and sucking there, and to have my tits fucked!

you more about me as time goes by. We'll all get to know each other slowly. I'm looking forward to hearing from all you JUGGS readers. I ll write to me often. I'm here to hear about your fantasies and pleasures, because your pleasure is my pleasure. I hope I'll eventually become t of all your big-tit fantasies. The thought of all you guys out there jerking off to my pictures really gets me hot! I especially want to hear from ers. I mean, if my new job doesn't lead to some hot action for me and my husband, then it'll be just a paycheck thing and who needs that? I to hear from guys who don't mind sharing their foxy wives with other women. I especially like women who have breasts as big as mine. t to hear from you!

Always,

ianca del Mar

Write to
BIANCA del MAR
c/o JUGGS,
462 Broadway, Suite 4000,
NY NY 10013.



Ask Dr. Juggs

Please send your questions to:
DOCTOR JUGGS
462 BROADWAY, SUITE 4000
NEW YORK, NY 10013

BOOZ 'N' BOOBZ

Dear Dr. Juggs,

You're a drinking man. I've seen, in the pages of JUGGS, how alcohol has ravaged your body and your mug. Forgive me doc, but it's an ugly sight and one that fills me with dread. You see, I'm still pretty young, but I've been carrying on a hot little love affair with the bottle for many years.

I used to think that the booze was actually preserving my girlish looks. You know, kinda like those frogs we used to dissect in high school. I never developed the laugh lines (that's a laugh!) that most of my girlfriends have, and my tits and ass have never even *thought* of drooping the slightest bit. I'm petite: 5'4"; but I've got really long legs, and my aforementioned T & A are big and bouncy. Some old barfly said my tits must be hollow 'cause I drink so much for being such a wee gal.

I didn't worry about it at all until one night some old drunk flooze who was sitting on the stool next to mine said, "You young chicks think you're so great. Hah! Shake your pussy in any guy's face and they'll buy yez a drink. I used to be young and pretty like you. How many years you think you got left? Two? Three?" She cackled and went off to the catbox to leak some of the gin she'd been swilling.

I wound up taking three guys home with me that night, just to reassure myself, but what that old hag said had definitely got me upset. What do you think, Doctor Juggs—can I go on tossing 'em back the way I have been? Or should I get off the sauce?

—Boozin' Cute, Boozin' Scared

There have been a few studies concering the effects of alcoholism on the mammary glands, but to tell you the truth, I haven't read any of them. Whiskey is good. Tits are good. If you put them together, how can the results be bad? Things don't always work out the way they're supposed to, though: I've seen many a fine babe shoot her pretty face and fine curves all to hell from taking too many a tipple. I've sucked many a titty abloom with grog blossoms. I've inhaled the fumes of hungover pussy farts. You take the pleasures of grain and grape, your body often pays a price. The price is ugliness. You, however, seem to have been blessed with alcohol-resistant genes. My advice to you is: go ahead and drink your brains out! Have some fun! What if that old biddy was right, and you do in fact have only a few years of youth and beauty left in you? Do you want them to be sober years? Hell no!

If, on the other hand, it's true that the booze ain't hurtin' you none, then what the fuck?

By the way, since I moved up to my current case-of-beer-and-two-bottles-of-whiz-a-day habit, I've sprouted quite a nice set of titties myself. See you at The Gin Fumes for Happy Hour.

CREAMY NIPPLE NIGHTMARE

Dear Dr. Juggs,

My boyfriend has been having a recurrent dream that is very disturbing. I am wondering if you've ever had a similar dream or know whether any of your readers have had such a dream.

In the dream he is with a woman wearing a maternity bra, and when he opens the nursing flap, it reveals another breast with another bra, and he keeps exposing the breasts, but is unable to find the nipple. This dream is incredibly vivid and leaves him deeply shaken and unsatisfied. This dream is destroying our love life. Is it a wish dream or a fear dream? Is there some way of "solving" his dream?

I think the dream is due to his subscription to your magazine and he should cancel it.

Iva Jones

Dear "Iva",

I've my doubts as to whether you're actually female, but the dream imagery you've conjured up in your letter is very evocative, and full of meaning for my readers. Here goes: according to Dr. Freud (who knew a thing or two about dreams), ALL dreams involve wish fulfillment. There is certainly an element of fear or anxiety in your "boyfriend's" dream—he wants to suck milk from this available, generous breast but he finds the nipple tantalizingly concealed, despite his repeated attempts to discover it. The meaning of this dream might be rooted in "his" relationship with "his" mother, or it might have something to do with dissatisfactions, not necessarily of a sexual nature, in "his" waking life. You say you think it might have something to do with this fine magazine: perhaps you are somewhat meagerly endowed in the chest, and your "boyfriend", glimpsing the treasure trove of tit within these pages, would like to frolic in a field of flapping fun-bags. JUGGS offers this treat, he can almost touch the tits, but they are merely ink on paper, he cannot nuzzle, fondle and suck the boobs he sees. He turns to you, his real-life partner, for tit-sustenance. What does he find? (I'm speculating here, mind you) Pathetic, pusillanimous paps with nary a trace of sweet milk in them.

I suggest that your "boyfriend" hang on to his subscription to JUGGS and dump you instead.

I have, by the way, had a dream similar to the one you've described. It involved a big bottle of the finest single-malt scotch with a never-ending cork. I'm still shaking. ◆

BRANDI

I DID MY TIME, I WANT SOME COCK!

"Three years in the slammer: tough stretch for a young woman with a big appetite for cock. It was my fault, I guess. It's not against the law to have big tits in Mississippi, but it sure is against the law to use those alleged tits to make a living. I found out the hard way. And since I didn't feel like squealing on my pimp or my johns, they threw the book at me.

"The handcuffs weren't too bad: I've got kind of a kinky streak anyway. The prison clothes were likewise OK: I look good in orange. No, it was the total absence of penis in the Female Detention Center that really made me sweat. For security reasons, even the janitors at the FemPen were big dykey broads.

"The matrons all licked their chops when they saw me being escorted through the gates. 'Hefty cutie a-comin' in,' they muttered. 'Rumproast for dinner, with blonde pussy pudding pie for dessert!' I sneered at them. 'Tougher creme puffs than you have tried to nibble my clit,' I said. 'They crawled back into their holes with their tongues tied in knots.' 'Ooh, she's a fresh one!' said the Boss Matron. 'Throw her in the cell with Big Minnie.'

"Let me tell you, I don't object to pussy at all. Women eat my pussy better than dudes any day, and you ought to see me work with a strap-on dildo. I just didn't want those butch screws to think that they could punk me out. I held my head up high, tossed my luscious golden glory over my shoulder as they led me down the tier. The matrons held their billy clubs over their crotches and made jack-off gestures as I walked by. They removed my cuffs and threw me in a cell.

"It was pretty dark in there, but I could make out a mountainous form on the lower bunk. The door clanked shut and the form stirred. Big Minnie roused herself real slow, stood up and walked over to me. She only stopped when my nose touched her nipple. She was damn near seven feet tall. The matrons outside the cell giggled. 'Go on, Big Minnie! Introduce yourself to the fresh meat.'

"Big Minnie put her meathooks on my prison coveralls and ripped them off. My enormous, 100% natural boobs swung free. Minnie cupped them in her hands, massaged the flesh, stroked the nipples erect. It felt good. Her left hand descended to my pussy, which had already begun to ooze. Our musky female scents combined and filled the airless cell. 'I guess you've been in the big house a long time,' I said. 'You definitely know your way around a pussy.'

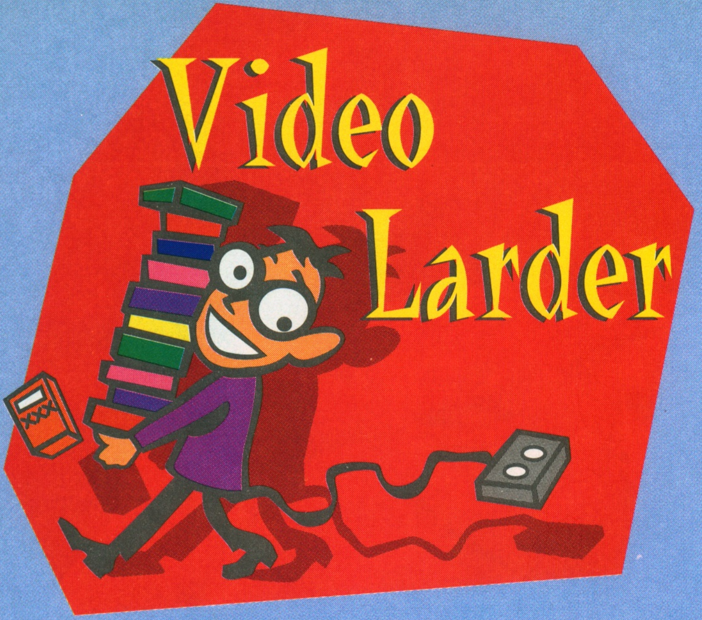
"Minnie grunted. She stepped back and admired me briefly, then doffed her jailhouse duds. Her tits were massive and sagged down beyond her waist. Her bush was black as night and covered an area roughly the size of Brazil. What got me interested, though, was the nub of flesh that throbbingly stuck out from between her vast pussy lips. Minnie had the biggest, angriest clit I'd ever seen.

"Looking over my shoulder, I saw that most of the matrons had put their hands under their uniform skirts. The boss matron was grinding her crotch against her nightstick. 'Fuck the new prisoner, Minnie!' one of them said.

"Minnie grabbed me under my pits and lifted me off the floor like a sack of potatoes. Slowly, she rubbed my helpless body down hers. I felt my pussy lips being parted by her diamond-hard clit. Minnie was indeed fucking me with it. The sensation was not unlike that produced by some of my smaller johns.

"Big Minnie sucked my titties and jammed a thumb into my puckering asshole. I wrapped my legs around her trunk and bucked my hips, riding quickly to orgasm after orgasm. After what seemed like hours, my gigantic lesbian lover bellowed like a steer and I felt warm fluid drenching my loins. Big Minnie was a squirter. The matrons gasped in amazement, frigged themselves into a furious froth. 'Let's leave the love-birds alone,' said the Boss Matron when it was all over.

"Big Minnie and I had a beautful love-thing going for three years, until I was sprung just a few weeks ago. I never did find out what she was in for. Some bitch told me she'd checked herself in voluntarily. It was sad to kiss her goodbye forever, but it was great to get out of the hoosegow. As good as Minnie's clit had been, I had a backed-up craving for dick you wouldn't believe. In fact, I've been taking all comers. Just thought I'd let you JUGGS readers know."



A DICK IN DEEP DOO-DOO

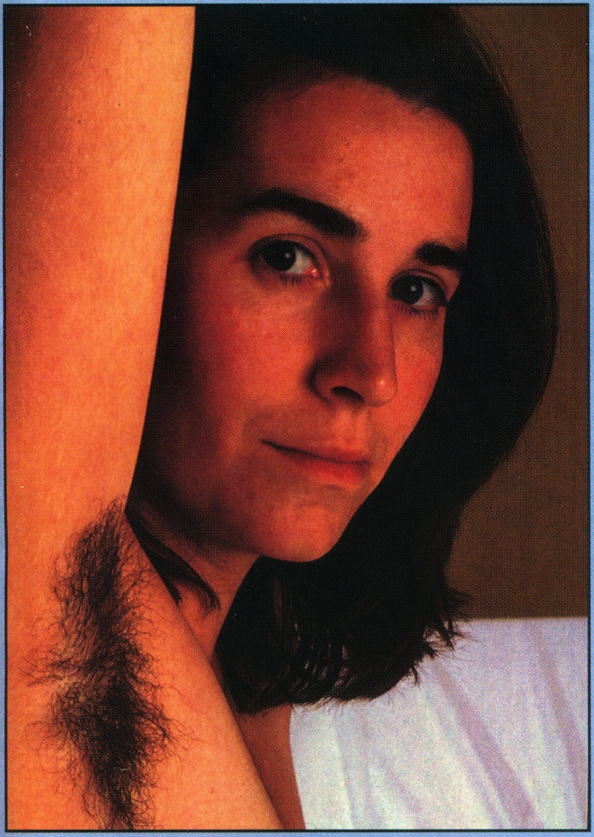
Orgy scenes are the salient feature of this loop.

Angel is the hostess with the mostest who throws weekend Mongolian Clusterfuck parties in the Hollywood hills. She's got huge tits and gets into the action. Nude bodies squirm and spasm around her swimming pool. Then a sexy drifter blows into the scene and the nude bodies start turning into dead, stiff bodies.

Chris, a detective who's into swing orgies, is a natural to investigate this rash of kinky mass murders.

What follows is not your typical American shoot 'em up violence-fest. It's more like an English murder movie where the detective uses his wits to bag the baddie. Chris, unfortunately, has his wits between his legs. He whips out his cock when he ought to go for his gun. The clue to solving the murders is a pair of soiled panties. The murder weapon is a hot pussy. Chris disobeys detective rule number one and falls for the killer. He falls headlong into a torrid, tantalizing honey trap. He falls hard.

DESIRE KILLS
Summit Pictures
631 Las Vegas Blvd. So.
Las Vegas NV 89101
(702) 453-7938

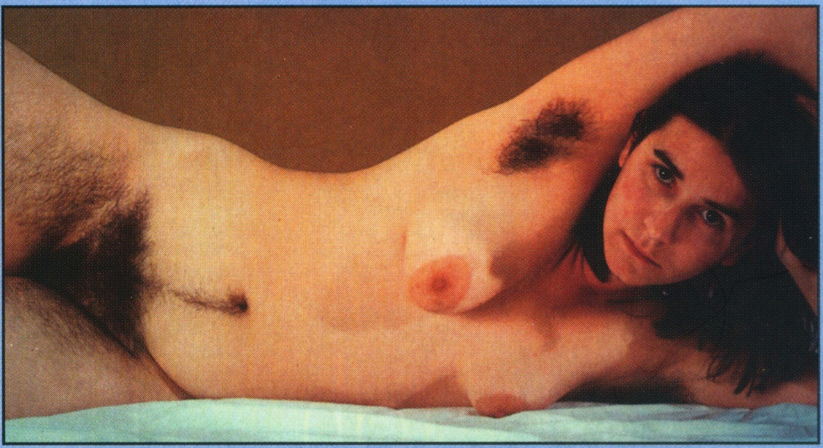


HORNY HAIRY HONEY

We're big fans of Pam Winter's magazine HAIR TO STAY, so we're happy to announce that she's branching out into producing erotic videos featuring naturally hairy women.

Laurel's the very cute, very furry sister who graced the cover of HAIR TO STAY's fall 1996 issue. She explains the roots of her hirsutism while stroking her lush armpit growth. Mom wanted Laurel to shave and wax; Laurel decided to go her own way. Laurel goes for a swim at a public pool. Her hairy snatch and legs, she says, have raised many eyebrows (and more, we'd bet) when accessorized with a bathing suit. There are lots of dreamy sequences: Laurel frolicking in a shrubbery (get it? bush!); Laurel posing like an artist's model; the camera panning up and down Laurel's lush bod, caressing every follicle-positive inch. Hairy fans will go ape!

HEAVENLY HIRSUTE LAUREL (THE VERY NAME MEANS BUSH)
Winter Productions
(508) 999-0078, fax (508) 984-4040



DON'T JUDGE A VIDEO BY ITS BOX-COVER

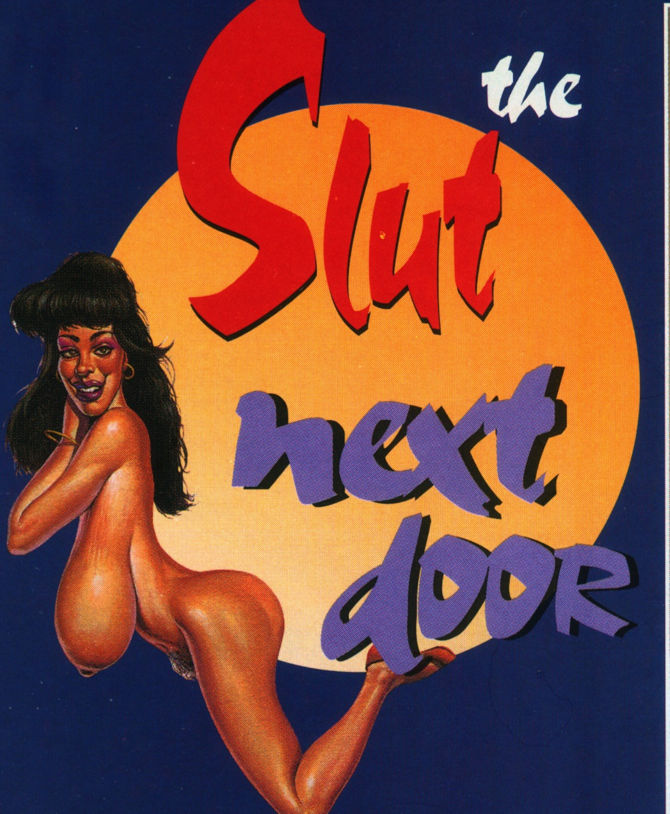
Xplor is the company responsible for the superb Homegrown Video series; we're pleased to report that they don't stint on quality when it cums to their pro releases. Nothing fancy or new here; just hot, heavy, hard-hitting action.

Don't be put off when you see tiny-titty queen Tammi Ann on the box cover—there's plenty of big-boob action in this video. Slutty Cock-ney porn star Kiss starts things off with a bang! and a boom! She sucks cock enthusiastically, her pussy squirts all kinds of interesting fluids all over the place and she's a good finisher. Mona's a hot newcummer—very creamy. Her stud pulls his cock out, jacks like mad and then...nothing! This could qualify as a blooper. Don't worry, Mona. It wasn't your fault. Everyone else came buckets. A blonde slut with loose, sloshy tits gets pronged by Sean Michaels, owner of the longest black shlong in the world.

Tammi Ann's scene is a kinky mindfucker. She and Kim Kitaen are playing kittens 'n' creme. They soak each other down with creme from a bowl. They use the creme bowl as a bidet. Kim puts her shoe in the creme and Tammi Ann licks it all off. Meanwhile, in the background, mondo-boob star Shelby is giving head and getting pronged, indifferent to the lesbian goings-on scant feet away. Wild!

PROFILES 7
Xplor Media Group
7721 Convoy Court
San Diego CA 92111

the Slut next door



Deborah Munger

CHICAGO, IL

"I guess I've always been kind of a slut. My friends are always telling me, 'Debbie, you're such a fucking slut!' Usually after they've caught me blowing their boyfriends in the men's room. I wipe my chin and giggle. 'Aw, I didn't charge him even a nickel!' I'll say, and the whole bar will crack up.

"If there's one thing I dig, it's wearing really, really slutty clothes. I think I spend half my paycheck buying togs that'll make me look like a trashy cheap pussy-for-hire. I spend hours ratting my hair and smearing on makeup so I look completely whorish and wanton. Then I hit the bars, 'cause it's true: I don't only get off on looking like a slut, I like acting like one too. I love cock. I love feel pricks getting all stiff and bumpy in my hand. I dig sucking on 'em till they explode all over my face and down my throat. Most of all, I love stuffing cocks in my gooey, pierced cunt. It makes me cum.

"One night I really outdid myself. I'd just bought this trampy outfit that I was really proud of: white, with most of the front cut away so my big tits could flop around, and tight as cherry pussy. I looked like one of those things you stick on a turkey leg after it comes out of the oven, only even yummier. I skipped putting on panties, and headed down to the Barkin' Kitty where all the over-50 studs hang out.

I sashayed in, swinging my big ass and twirling my purse like la-dee-dah! I made a big show of rotating my buns onto a stool and ordered a double gin and water. I didn't have to pay for it. A horny old codger zipped onto the stool next to mine, and whipped out a gangster roll. 'I'm loaded, Miss,' he said. 'I'd like to book you for the whole night, if you're free.' He musta thought I was a whore. Probably from the way I was dressed.

"I played along. 'The whole night'll cost you a grand, Diamond Jim.' He gulped. I must have overdone it. 'How 'bout two hundred for just a throw then, Mr. Big Stuff?' I grabbed his crotch under the bar. He was already hard, just from looking at me. I've felt bigger.

"'I-I guess that'd be OK,' he said. 'Where should we go?'

"I was gonna point to the men's room, but I figured I could get at least a hotel room out of this yokel. 'Let's catch a cab,' I said. 'We'll figure out where to go along the way.'

"We necked like teenagers in the back seat. He fingered my cunt expertly, and pulled at the rings. My pierced cunt is very sensitive. Sometimes it pays to go along with what the youngsters are doing. I pulled his head down to my chest and he sucked my nipples like he was starving to death (maybe I'll get my nipples pierced, too). I started giving him a hand job. I'm good at hand jobs. He liked his hand job. 'Pull on Johnny!' he yelled. 'Oh my God! Pull on little Johnny you slut you whore you cunt!' I guess Johnny was his pet name for his thing. So I pulled on Johnny.

The taxi was rolling right by the lake right then, and it was very romantic. All the lights of town sparkled on the water. My hand job date started to heave and gasp. I knew he was gettin' ready to shoot. I edged my tits over towards the tip of his rod, so he could watch as his gunk spurted all over them. That always gets 'em going crazy.

"I wasn't prepared for the gusher. This guy had a medium-sized joint and average-looking love-nuggets, so I figured I'd get the usual two squirts, but instead, the piss-slit flared open and the spooge started squirting like a shook-up beer can. The guy was going crazy, whipping his head around and screaming 'Naaah! Wuh!'

"I aimed his rod away from me so I wouldn't drown. Jizz splashed all over the glass partition between us and the driver. He turned around to see what the fuck was going on, and he threw on the brakes! My date zipped up, handed me two C-notes and high-tailed it outta there. The driver was a big black guy, mighty pissed. 'Look at this mess!' he yelled. 'You know how long it's gonna take me to clean it?'

"I was very horny from the hand job and having my pussy played with. The driver had an awesome bulge in his slacks. I wanted to get fucked. 'Aw, c'mon,' I said, 'don't be a spoilsport. I'll make it worth your while. Take me somewhere we can park.'

"He fucked me in the ass for a solid hour, right by the lake. Then he drove me back to the Barkin' Kitty. Motherfucker had left the meter running the whole time we were getting it on. He said I owed him $197.85. That meant all I had to show for my first night of whoring was a free drink, $2.15, and a king-size dry cleaning bill. I'll stick to just being a slut from now on." ◆

ARE YOU THE Slut next door?

You already know that being a slut is fun. Did you know it can also mean big buck$$$? Yup, we'll pay you $750 if you're selected as 'SLUT OF THE MONTH". Not only will you be the envy of all your slutty friends, not only will thousands of horny guys jack off to your hot pictures, but you'll also be in the running for our big "SLUT OF THE YEAR" contest. What are you waiting for, ya slut?

HERE'S HOW TO ENTER

Just send twenty or more clear, in focus photos of yourself looking nasty and naked. Include a daytime telephone number so we can contact you as soon as we receive your entry. You do not need to sign anything at this point, but when we arrange to buy your photos, so that you can be a **Slut Next Door**, we will ask you to sign a model release. Send your photos and a letter explaining why you deserve the honor of being a **Slut Next Door** to ***JUGGS***

462 Broadway, Suite 4000
New York, N.Y. 10013

IF YOU ONLY HAVE A FEW PHOTOS:

You can still be a Runner-Up and get $100. Fill out and sign the form below and mail your clear, in focus photos to the address above. You won't be Top Slut, but you'll be in the running.

$2,000.00 GRAND PRIZE!!!

At the end of the year *JUGGS* readers will vote for the **SLUT OF THE YEAR**, selected from the twelve monthly winners. That Grand Prize Winner will receive a check for $2,000.00 and a beautiful, professional *JUGGS* photo session. This could be your springboard to fame, fortune and adventure, so enter today!

Enclosed is a photograph of my **SLUT NEXT DOOR.**
Her name is________________________________.
She is__________ years old. Her occupation is __________.

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RACHAEL

LONELY AT THE TOPLESS BAR!

"You guys probably think I'm drowning in a sea of hot dates, hot and cold running studs 24-7-365 (that's not my phone number, by the way). It ain't so. You see this marble dude with no body behind me? He's been my only boyfriend for the last year.

I guess guys are a bit intimidated by me because I'm so young and so hot and famous. That's just outside stuff. On the inside I'm a shy young girl who wants to be held and cuddled by a strong but gentle daddy-figure.

"You can't imagine how it feels, after a night of throwing my heart and soul into my striptease routine, to have no one waiting for me backstage with flowers, to have no one to ride with in the limo, and to have no stiff penis ready to fuck me back at home. I get worked up during the show. I have to take the tension off. I use a vibrator. First I'll take a nice hot bath, so my skin's all silky and soft, then I lie on my bed and rub the buzzer over my nipples. They're so sensitive. Wishing I had a man to suck them and nuzzle the whole breast area, I bring the vibrator down to my aching clit, my dripping pussy. It's not unusual for me to make myself cum 3 or 4 times a night.

There's never a microphone on the stages I work. I can't express my desires and longings to the fans, at least not verbally. I took a mime class recently, and now I'm trying to act out how horny I am. I make sad faces as I windmill my titties around. I do the one where I'm trapped in an invisible box of loneliness. The box keeps on shrinking. Help, I'm trapped! I need some man to come and get me out of the box!

"No one's rushed the stage yet. I guess they're too intimidated, like I said.

"I guess that's why I'm doing this spread in JUGGS, even though it pays less than a good night in Vegas. I've heard that JUGGS readers are caring as well as virile; that they're not afraid to show their tender sides as well as their stiff prongs. I need a man who'll take good care of my big tits. They tend to be tired and sore after a big show, and my mate will have to massage them, iron out the kinks, rub away the sore spots. I need a man who'll make me feel loved by fucking me deep and keeping up a line of horny fuck-talk while we're grinding away. I need a man who's not ashamed to watch the soaps with me. I need a man who won't feel threatened by all the men who watch me as I dance around without any clothes on. I need a JUGGS-reading man.

There's nothing I won't do for the man I love. Even though I'm on the road a lot, even though I don't have much domestic experience, I can make a happy love-filled home for a guy. I'll start the day by sucking your penis erect (not *too* early), then I'll bump and grind on top of it for as long as you can stand. I've got really buff thigh muscles from doing johnnie-squats onstage. I'll give you Swedish all afternoon to keep my precious titties toned, and don't think that a drop of your precious life-giving spunk will go to waste. I'll rub it into my tit-skin as if it were the latest beauty creme from Paris. Then I'll take you out for a fancy dinner and dancing. I'll give you an armpit-length, kidskin glove handjob at our booth and grind my pussy against your bulge as we fox-trot. We'll finish off the evening on my jumbo-size vibrating bed, fucking our brains out as the television bathes our sweating, heaving bodies in eerie bluish light. I'll take good care of you, baby!

"Write me a letter. Come down to your local nudie bar to check out my show. I'll be in your town soon. When I mime loneliness and mouth the words 'I need your manhood. Now!' I'm not kidding. Don't be afraid. Let me know you want me. Write a love message on a C-note and throw it on the stage. If you're Mr. Right, I'm all yours. Don't make this lonely lady wait too long."

◆

NEW FEATURE!

DR. IVAN'S BREAST ENHANCEMENT CLINIC

Dr. Ivan's Breast Enhancement Clinic is a service JUGGS provides for its flat-chested female readers and/or their breastmeat-starved mates. If you'd like to see how you (or your old lady) would look with mega-huge torpedoes, send 4 or 5 pictures (slides or color prints, 5 X 7 or bigger; and make sure they're in focus!) to: Dr. Ivan, 462 Broadway, 4th floor, NY, NY 10013. We'll send you a model release, which you must fill out completely, and we'll need a copy of your photo ID. We'll pay you $300 if the good doctor chooses to work his magic on your pathetic, petite paps. You'll be amazed!

FROM DR. IVAN'S MYSTERIOUS CASEBOOK: MINDI

Dear Dr. Ivan,

I'm sort of mousy, but I know that deep inside me lurks a very slutty, very bosomy spirit that is strictly all female. I want you to help me let her out, even if it's just a temporary fantasy thing. My boyfriend says he likes me fine the way I am, but I'd like to give him more. Could you make me, like, really REALLY big? I just know he'd love to tell his work buddies that I was in JUGGS. It's his favorite magazine.

Thanks,
Mindi

MANNY'S LIST

A Computer Geek's Twisted Dream Comes True

Fiction by Paul Hugli —— Illustration by C. Taylor

July 3, 1998. It was one of *those* days at work. I was near completion on the company files, about to download them into a conjoining data base, integrating multiple ROMs, to justify input RAMs with the printout terminals. All I needed was a few more steps and fifteen minutes, and two weeks of work would come to fruition. I then made the idiotic mistake of looking away from the screen, and into Becky's sky-blue eyes.

Ah, Becky La Mouthe. The redhair fireball.

She displayed a dainty handkerchief, wiping her brow and divine cleavage as if she were sweating in an air-conditioned office. Perhaps she was; I was. Reaching two long, glossy fingernails into a glass of spring water, Becky withdrew a large ice cube. Slowly, she trailed the dripping cube over her pouting ruby lips, along her chin, down her throat, into the deep cleavage of her V-neck blouse. Beneath the flimsy fabric she massaged the ice cube against the left nipple of her 54EEE bosom, cooing with the sensation, rubbing her thighs together. She switch the cube to her left hand and repeated the action on her right nipple, cooing louder, rubbing harder, tilting her head back, her eyes shut.

I could only stare and sigh as Becky did her *9 1/2 Weeks* routine—as the melting ice made her blouse translucent, almost transparent, every detail of her mouth-watering nipples visible to me. Puffy, heavily pebbled, silver-dollar size areolae almost engulfing inch-long, thumb-thick erect nipples of crimson. They begged to be set free. To be sucked.

Straightening herself in her chair, Becky's baby-blues—and erect nipples—smiled at me. She arose and swayed over to me, her magnificent tits bouncing, her icy-stiff teats scraping against her blouse. Kneeling, she placed her elbows on my desk, her chin in her upturned palms, her ruby-lips forming an inviting "O."

"*Hard*—at work?" Becky cooed in her enticing Southern drawl, the "V" of her blouse gaping, giving me a full view of her braless charms.

"Ah-huh," I said to her cleavage, the valley between the swells of her massive mountains of flesh, the puffy apical arches of her areolae visible. I gulped and managed to avert my gaze from her magnificence, to look her in the eyes. "I…ah, uh…was wondering…if you'd go to the company's Fourth of July picnic with me."

"I would love to, Manny," she said, leaning forward, her covered erect left nipple brushing my cheek, "but you will be working…tomorrow."

"Uh?" I mumbled as she stood up, patted me on the head, and wiggled away, her throaty mocking voice lingering.

My terrified eyes went immediately to my computer monitor. Fuck! Becky had hit *delete!* The computer was purging my two weeks of work! Swiftly, my fingers flew over the keyboard, re-routing, trying to save any possible portion of my program.

Though tear-clouded eyes I spied Becky by the water cooler with Mary Ann Butterworth, Systems Manager, giggling, pointing at me.

Why does Becky always do such cruel things to me?

July 4, 1998. Becky's damage wasn't as extensive as I originally thought. The buffers, surgers, bubble-memory, and my backups managed to save 75%-80% of the program—once I discovered where it was hidden. I succeeded in reconstructing the damage and finishing the program by midnight of the Fourth.

I was about to log off when a message flashed across my monitor.

<<Hello, Manny Robinson>>

Damn—I hope this ain't a computer virus.

<<Press Alternate SF…if you're there>>

I decided to see what was going on, punching in the required keys.

<<Fine. Manny, I represent an alien race from a star system unknown to Earth. Unfortunately, I can't say *we come in peace*. Our Federation has determined the Earth a hazard to navigational space. You may communicate by typing in a comment or a reply.>>

I hate computer hackers; playing with other people's databases. Well, I've hated them since I graduated from college and was hired by a company which has been the target of hundreds of hackers—causing me countless hours of overtime re-routing, changing security codes, trying to foolproof the system. Which, alas, is impossible.

Still, I decided to play along, to see what the hacker was up to. Perhaps I could nab him and get some brownie points in my personnel file. I typed:

** What is the game? **

<<No game! I am who I say I am. And I have the power to prove it.>>

C. TAYLOR

** Sure you do. **

<<There will be a slight earthquake in exactly two minutes.>>

Yeah, sure. No one can predict an earthquake. I waited it out, calling the hacker's bluff. I leaned back and sipped my sugar-free, no-caffeine—tasteless—soda. In exactly two minutes the office shook, knocking a few books from their shelves. Then the rumbling stopped.

<<Satisfied?>>

** For now. **

<<Fine. Here's why I need you. We have decided to spare the lives of 1000 humans from each of 50 various nations and areas of Earth. Those 50,000 will be relocated on a terraformed planet, far from the Federation's navigational space. You will be responsible for choosing 1000 humans from the area you refer to as the United States of America.>>

** Me? **

<<In one of your weeks I will contact you in a more conventional method.>>

Before I could reply the alien—the hacker?—had signed off and the computer logged off, leaving me to ponder, to stare at a blank screen. To wonder—what is Truth? I concluded the whole thing was the work of a hacker, just a game. It had to be. Tomorrow I will have to go through the whole system and determine where he tapped in.

"If you love me, Becky, you'll kneel and suck my cock."

Yet—there was that earthquake.

July 11, 1998. I awoke suddenly from a dream, that I was floating in air. I *was* floating in air! Suspended in mid-air I was "standing" about two feet above my bed, my semi-erect cock swaying in the ion flow of the static field encasing me. I looked down to my reading chair, and saw the most gorgeous creature in the world—in the Universe?—blonde, statuesque, 57GGG. She held a pistol-like gadget which generated the field around me.

"I am Metaluna," she said, her voice echoing like a robot from a '50s B-grade sci-fi movie. "I have come to instruct you on your mission."

"Do all the people on your planet look like you?"

"Do you find the image pleasing?" I nodded. "It should since I created this form from your thoughts. Your perfect woman, I believe."

I thought about what she might look like under her spandex-like costume, and suddenly her clothing dissolved, revealing the deliciousness of her body. Rosy, swollen, pebble-voluminous, half-dollar sized areolae, encompassing two-inch-long, engorged nipples, which capped watermelon-sized tits. Her slim-waisted abdomen had no navel, her cunt was covered with downy blond fur. Her thighs were a bit thick, I thought, and suddenly their fat melted away—forming the luscious, muscular legs of a dancer. More stunning than Becky could ever hope to be, I thought, and Metaluna's hair and pubic bush turned red. My mind was, indeed, controlling her bodily form.

After I tired of changing her tit-size, ass, hair color and length, I settled on her original configuration; she was truly my perfect, ideal woman.

"I guess I believe your alien story." I remained suspended, floating, my cock a diamond-cutting hard-on, my hand unable to move, to relieve myself. "So what's the plan?"

In a nutshell, my assignment: to collect 1000 people from the U.S. of A. to survive the destruction of Earth by some unknown alien race, to live on another world. I'm at liberty to choose anyone I want. That the Aliens will supply me with anything I need to complete the mission. Deadline: one month!

Then Metaluna vanished. As did the static-field, dropping me hard on my bed, where I bounced and feverishly stroked my cock. I came buckets in mid-bounce.

August 1, 1998. I've done tons of soul-searching since Metaluna's visit. Who should I save? Should the human race be represented by those most intellectual? Ethical? Aesthetically pleasing? Healthiest?—Who? Friends? Family?

Two days after Metaluna's visit the aliens announced their plan via the world media. There was nothing we Earthlings could do. They kept their ship in orbit, half-way between the Earth and the moon, way out of our missiles' range. Those alien bastards had the temerity to report my name as one who'd decide America's destiny. Fortunately, they had the foresight to envelop my house in an impregnable static-field. I can control the field with my mind, allowing people in and out. Oh, my fellow humans have tried explosives, missiles, and everything else short of a nuclear blast. Not even a dent in the field.

I was safe…but alone…with a heavy burden on my frail shoulders. It wasn't pleasant at all. People continuously contacted me when I allowed the phone to work, pleading their

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EDEN

SUPERMODEL WITH THE JUGGS-MODEL TITS

"Sure, I know I look pretty glamorous. I'm almost six feet tall and I'm willowy. Clothes always look great on me. The trouble is I don't like wearing clothes. I'd much rather be naked most of the time. I'm going to let you in on a little secret, or rather, a big secret: my tits aren't real. I had a boob job a few years back. I think it looks pretty damn nice, don't you?

"Girls who had huge juggs always made me jealous. I wanted to be big and feminine and curvy, but slender slender slender is the way Nature made me. Don't think I didn't notice that most of the guys were going after the busty chicks and not us tall, ethereal ones. I wanted in on all that action!

"I'm totally, hopelessly addicted to cock. I know I look like the kind of girl who can turn down dates left and right, but I don't think I've ever said no to any man yet. Unless he was an arrogant macho prick, of course. Guys who are pushy and think they're God's gift to women turn me off. I like guys who are sweet and nice and kinda shy. But they've got to be tit-men! Men who really know how to appreciate and take care of big tits are the ones who really make my hot little pussy twitch. Even thinking about the action I get from tit-men makes me start talking dirty. It also makes me want to act like a slut. I *can* act like a slut, you know.

"The sluttiest thing I ever did was to trick my friend Mitch, a serious tit-man, into pulling a train for me and two of my big-titted girlfriends.

"Mitch is an extremely shy person. He's got a big dick, but he's not all cocky (no pun intended!) like some well-hung guys tend to be. I told him about my lesbian fantasies and he went all quiet on me. He said he'd be much too intimidated if another woman, or anybody, were around during one of our love-making sessions. Mitch is a very passionate and tender lover. I guess that makes him somewhat self-conscious.

"I figured this was some kind of phobia like the ones I've read about in my self-help books. Wanting to cure Mitch of his lesbian-plus-cock orgy-phobia, I called up Kitten and Blossom, two of my best friends from modelling camp. I told them to put on their sexiest outfits and hide themselves in my boudoir.

"My plan was to take Mitch out on a nice date, then bring him home for a night of boob-fucking. When I gave the signal, by shouting "Pillow fight!", Kitten and Blossom would jump out of my walk-in closet and join in the fun. How could Mitch resist when two bouncy, huge-knockered cuties jump on him and fight for the privilege of thrusting his virile member between their tits?

"That night, I decided to put on a little sex show for my friends in the closet. I pulled Mitch over to the part of the room they could see best and pulled down his pants. I sucked him hard and then wrapped my tits around his boner. I crouched down so my legs were spread really wide and tit-fucked him while furiously frigging my shaved snatch. I slurped the head of his prick with my mouth while my jiggling boobs worked his shaft. Mitch was moaning in no time. I decided to move him over to the bed before he exploded utterly.

"Mitch stuck his thing in me, leaning on his elbows so he could really give my nipples a sucking. Just before I came I yelled "Pillow fight!", and two very wet, very horny girls leapt out of the closet.

"They let me finish cumming, and then they pulled Mitch right off of me with a loud slurping sound. Without giving Mitch time to think or get shy, Kitten stuffed her tits, with their long pointy nipples, right into his gaping mouth. Blossom embosomed Mitch's member and bounced like mad. I stuck my fingers in Blossom's twat and ate Kitten's pussy. With my free hand I masturbated, alternating between my clit and my super-sensitive nipples.

"The four of us gushed in a fantastic simultaneous orgasm.

"I stopped dating Mitch shortly after that mind-blowing session. He got a little too self-assured. In fact, he even said he was 'busy' one night when I called him up to ask for a date. What a jerk!

"Naturally, I'm looking for new tit-men to take care of my bosomy needs."

FREAK OUT AT THE MOVIES

We were originally going to write about our pal Titus Moody in the VIDEO LARDER section, but let's face it: the man's an artist. What he's got is the creme de la creme of '60s and '70s exploitation films. Titus doesn't limit himself to pushing this cool stuff, either: that's him acting up there on the screen! Titus' little dog Chi Chi used to co-star, but unfortunately she died this year. She's sorely missed.

Titus describes his masterpieces as "bad cinema." That's like calling JUGGS a "girlie magazine." "Dirtiest Game in the World" chronicles the vicissitudes of a free-sex, free-dope political party. Titus, as their candidate, is forced to participate in psychedelic group sex. This makes his wife unhappy. Her check-out scene is a vampire's wet dream. "Escape to Passion" is the tragedy of a country boy who turns to crime. He masterminds a nude bank robbery, which goes bloodily awry. The cops interrupt the bandits' vegetable shortening orgy with a spray of hot lead.

Titus is also a solid documentarian: "Last of the American Hoboes" is a vivid depiction of an American way of life that's vanishing all too quickly. The twangy soundtrack stands on its own. "Outlaw Motorcycles" catches some of the most notorious biker gangs of the '60s in candid moments. There's a great shot of some greaseball bro's holding up a nazi flag while Watts burns in the background. Later, the bikers collect cans of food to distribute to children left homeless by the riots. The drunken tattoo orgy is a true classic of the genre. We also find out, from one of Titus' Trivia Quizzes, that Titus himself came up with the design for the first chrome chopper. What a stud!

True exploitation fans already know about Titus Moody. All you eager newcummers should write to The Man for a $3 catalog.

Titus Moody's Cult Classics
1626 N. Wilcox Ave., Ste. 348
Hollywood, CA 90028

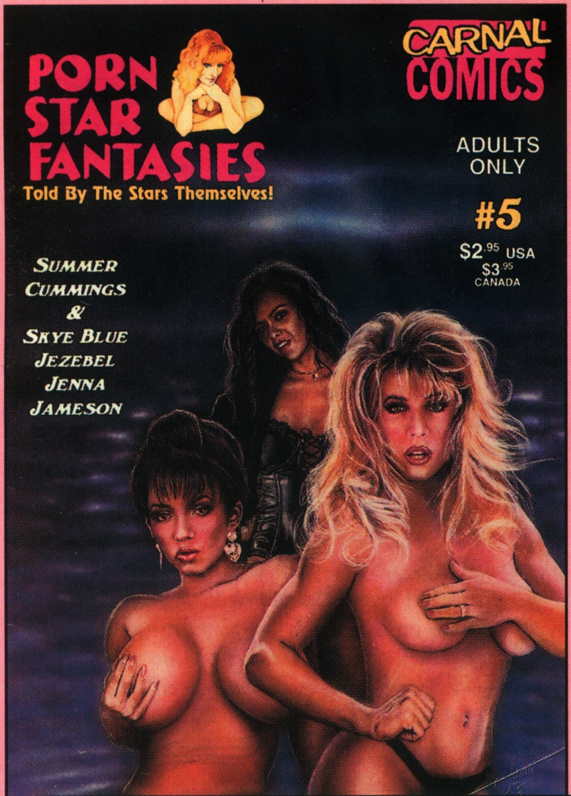
WE "BLEW" HER WHEN...

Yeah, 42nd Street's been plowed under and turned into a friggin' mall, but the Spirit of the Deuce (with a healthy dose of Catskills thrown in for flavor) lives on in the person of Sandy Kane. You saw her in our June 1996 issue. Is she the world's funniest stripper, or the world's strippingest comedienne? Either way, she's gone and taken her act nation-wide, assaulting the airwaves with her brand of borscht-belt shtup-shtick. Her famed double-Ds still look great. You can see her every Saturday night at 11:30 p.m. on the Manhattan Neighborhood Network (Channel 16), or on Century Cable (Channel 3) if you live in Los Angeles.

The Sandy Kane "Blew" Comedy Show is a solid half-hour of raunchy jokes, made golden by her deadpan delivery, and filthy song-stylings. "California Dreaming" turns into a soiled-undie, rabbi-fellating romp. Nobody says dirty, foul-mouthed cuss-words with quite the same rim-shot snap. Asshole fans will get plenty of rim shots from la Kane, *IF* you know what we mean. There's a nifty little dance number, too: performed by Sandy's faithful side-dick, her vibrator Dildo!

Check her out; we're already big fans.

SANDY KANE'S "BLEW" COMEDY SHOW
(above: Sandy only hangs out with major Hollywood hunks these days. You can still buy her music tapes and videos for $20 a pop, though.)
Sandy Kane Prods
P.O. Box 2451 Times Square Station
New York, NY 10108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SUMMER CUMMINGS & SKYE BLUE
JEZEBEL
JENNA JAMESON

STRIPPERS' CUM-MIC STRIP

We know you dug our feature on Summer Cummings and Skye Blue in our January '97 issue. Here's a chance for all you JUGGS readers to dig them transmogrified into sexy, totally X-rated cartoon characters.

Your favorite real-life lesbian couple/dance team get put through some pretty freaky adventures in "The Most Outrageous Show on Earth." Realizing a childhood dream, perhaps, they join the circus. They get fucked by a dude with two prongs! They get snakes pulled out of their asses! Skye gets whipped by the demonic ringmaster! Summer gets pissed and...well, you'll see what happens when Summer gets pissed.

The luscious big-titted Jenna Jameson gets to live out an undead fantasy, one that's certainly gotten lots of young female heads in a whirl lately. What's weird about the comic adventure "Night Music" is that you wind up feeling *sorry* for the guy who gets to fuck Jenna. That would never happen in real life, now would it?

Re-Visionary Press has got tons and tons of other books featuring porn stars and strippers. Send them a SASE for a free 24-page catalog!

PORN STAR FANTASIES
Carnal Comics 5
Re-Visionary Press
PO Box 15934
San Diego, CA 92175
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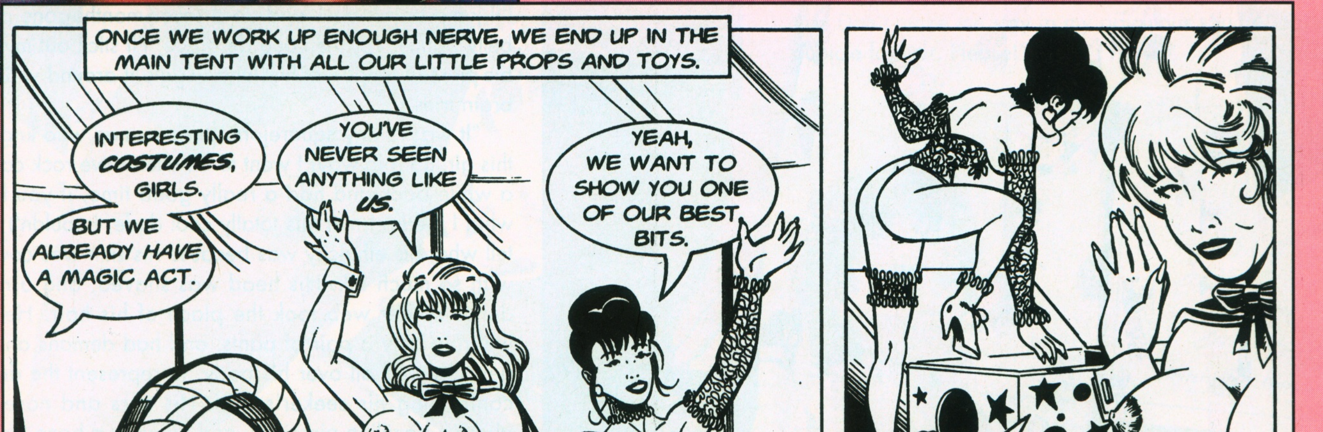
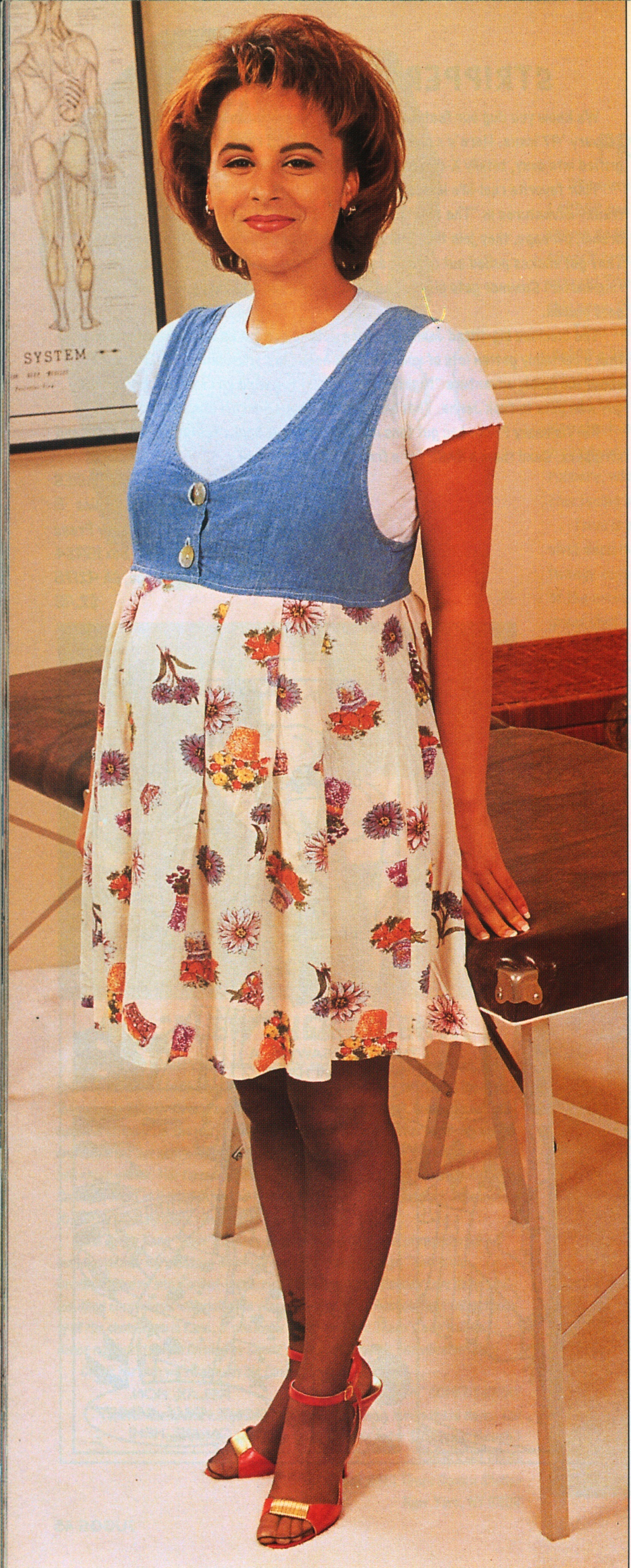

ONCE WE WORK UP ENOUGH NERVE, WE END UP IN THE MAIN TENT WITH ALL OUR LITTLE PROPS AND TOYS.
INTERESTING *COSTUMES*, GIRLS.
BUT WE ALREADY *HAVE* A MAGIC ACT.
YOU'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE *US*.
YEAH, WE WANT TO SHOW YOU ONE OF OUR BEST BITS.
IT'S A VARIATION ON THE OLD "SAWING A WOMAN IN HALF" TRICK.
UM, WE HAVEN'T HAD MUCH TIME TO *REHEARSE*...
RELAX, HON. DON'T *FALL APART* ON ME, HEH!



ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLE MOTHER

Chita

"My job is real square, real boring. I'm in the steno pool at a big corporation. It doesn't really matter which one. All day long I sit there like a good girl and copy down the bullshit the suits dream up to piss their days away. I wonder if they even look at me. I wonder if they even know I'm human.

"I don't consider myself a boring person. In fact, there's nothing I love better than freaking out the squares. One of these days I swear I'm going to stand up in the middle of a dictation session and pull up my little secretary blouse. It'll give me a kick to watch Mr. Corporate Dude's eyeballs bulge out of his skull when he sees my tattooed pregnant titties. Then I'll hike up my prim business skirt and wiggle my ass and inked-up thighs at him. I'll jump on his desk and do a seven-months-gone prego belly dance. For the coup de grace, I'll stick out my double-pierced tongue at him and wiggle it around while his brain fries.

"It wasn't any squarejohn businessman who knocked this girl up. No way! I went to an alternative rock concert a while back and had a really good time, if you know what I mean. I met this totally cool dude. I couldn't even tell what his ethnicity was because his skin was covered with so much ink. His head was shaved, and a really dense spider web took the place of his hair. He was wearing only a pair of pants, and had demons and angels tattooed all over his body, to represent the duality confronting his seeker's soul. His ears and nose had about a bazillion piercings, and he wore a bone through his septum. This guy was totally with it.

"I asked him to dance and he said 'Guh!' I thought, well cool, he's just, like, non-verbal or something, but it turned out he had so much metal sticking through his tongue that he could barely move it! I knew instantly that I was going to have sex with this beautiful, non-conformist human being.

"We danced a bit, but he didn't seem to be really into dancing. He just kind of stood there while I shimmied all around him. Maybe he was just intensely checking me out, meditating on my yin energies. After a while, I just grabbed him by his trachea ring and dragged him off to the toilet, the site I'd mentally chosen for our interpersonal encounter.

"I gasped when I took his cock out of his crusty jeans. It weighed a fucking ton! Not that it was particularly enormous or anything, but it was decorated with all kinds of studs and knobs and rings. I could barely see any cock meat under all the metal. Talk about impressed: he even had a couple of testicle rings! I felt like such a beginner, such an amateur with my mere twin tongue piercings.

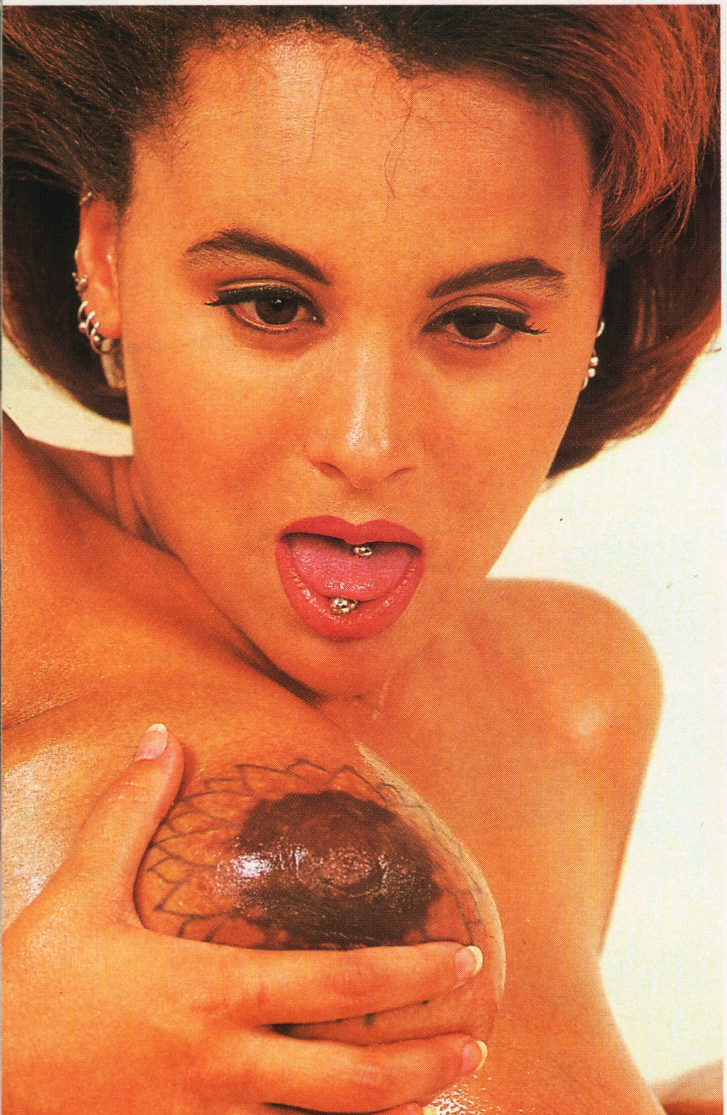
MUSCLE SYSTEM

My tongue clanked on his cock. I failed to get a rise out of him with my mouth, so I jammed my thumb up his asshole. That seemed to work, because after a while, his cock seemed to become, like, longer. It hung down a bit lower, too. I figured that was as good as it was gonna get, so I worked at stuffing his armored dong into my pussy. Fortunately, I was already good and wet, so it didn't even hurt too much. I reveled in the experience.

"'Baah!' said my stud-studded stud. 'Rargh! Unh!' I felt his jizz trickling into my cunt. It made me cum. My brain flashed on the cozmick instant of conception as his sperm met my egg. You've heard of Sex Magick? This was it. My lover must have felt it too. He relaxed completely, enjoying the sexually-induced endorphin high. I left him lying blissed out on the bathroom floor and went to dance some more. I thought he'd come back out eventually and we'd bond and do a New Age wedding ceremony and live together forever, but I never saw him again.

"I'm hoping my appearance in JUGGS will be the start of a new lifestyle for me. I'd like to do some porno movies eventually. I think it would also be cool to do some lesbian pictures, maybe even with another pregnant chick. I hope you JUGGS readers like me. Don't make me stay in my ridiculous square job cubicle forever. Please!"

Neurological Anatomy

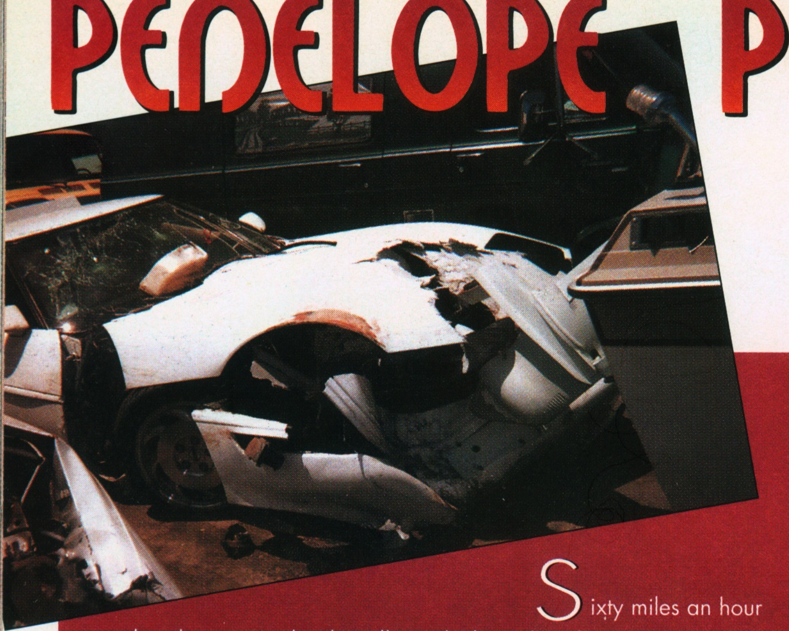


Neurological Anatomy

Neurological A

PENELOPE PUMPKINS

MY ORGASMIC NEAR-DEATH EXPERIENCE



Sixty miles an hour head on into a brick wall. I'm lucky to be alive. My poor little white speedster, the one I bought with all my strip tips, was totalled. I was all banged up: broken bones, dislocations all over the place, abrasions, contusions, concussion, a $50 nail job shot to hell. At least my two most important assets escaped unscathed: my fabulous face and my tits. The doctors told me it'd be a long time before I could walk again, but that I could perform Swedish as soon as I felt like it. I cried with relief.

The accident seemed to happen in slow motion, just like in the movies. My life flashed before my eyes. I saw myself getting busted for smoking in grade school, relived losing my cherry, went through my first-ever bump and grind routine. Then my hairdo hit the windshield and everything went black.

"Next thing I knew I was moving through a tunnel, a strange tunnel with moist pink walls. I felt light and airy. There was a bright, bright light up ahead of me, and I was moving towards it. A gentle voice spoke to me. 'Penelope!' the voice said, 'Penelope Pumpkins! Come to the light. Remove your top. Approach the light topless!' I humbly complied.

"The light was warm and good. My naked boob-flesh tingled with excitement and anticipation. I knew that heaven was gonna be a very horny place in which to spend the rest of eternity. I couldn't resist putting a hand under my skirt. My panties had miraculously disappeared.

"My pussy was moist on its way to heaven. I touched my little man in the boat and felt the rapture. 'Yeah baby,' The Voice said. 'Play with that hot little boogie! Shake that thing, mama!' I started to dance ecstatically. 'Of course,' I thought. 'They must need some strippers in heaven. I'm coming home at last.' I wasn't upset about being dead at all.

"The light grew brighter and brighter. The voice rose to a booming throb which vibrated in my uterus and made my anus clench. I looked into the light and saw a shadowy figure standing before me, arms upraised. It was Mr. Creedy, the nice old man who used to fix color TVs down the block from where I lived when I was just starting out in show biz.

"I gasped with astonishment and masturbatory pleasure. 'Mr. Creedy! Art thou the Lord of the Universe? I never even suspected...'

He smiled benevolently and licked his lips. 'Come to me, my child,' he said. He took me in his arms. His shiny bald head was exactly at the level of my jutting breasts. He nuzzled against them, sucked the nipples, rubbed me all over with his big rough hands. Tears of joy rolled down my cheeks. Pussy juice streamed down my legs. My hands fumbled at the zipper of Mr. Creedy's overalls. I pulled out his long, thick, very crooked joint and gave it a few tugs. Mr. Creedy grinned from ear to ear. 'Suck it for me, baby. Give me a little head, and then I'll start to grind in your pussy.'

I bent down low and rubbed my sensitive titties all over his prod. My nipples explored the purplish tip of his cock, and a big glistening drop of precum appeared. I slurped it, swirling my tongue and sucking deeply.

"Mr. Creedy groaned. 'Sheeit, honey! You gonna make me shoot before the boning can get started. Ease off a bit! I'm an old guy.' I backed off his prick and spun around. I aimed my aching pussy at his knob and eased myself onto it. His dick stretched my lips and the sensation was heavenly. I felt my cunt getting ready to cum and started to scream my orgasm to all the angels when…

"…the ambulance guy started poking my tits with his finger. 'Hey!' he yelled. 'I think she's coming to! Man, it woulda been a shame if a chick this stacked croaked. These big ol' tits musta saved her life, 'cause she sure didn't have no air bag.' I blacked out again, but Mr. Creedy wasn't there anymore.

"I'm feeling stronger every day. I'd like to thank all the nice people at JUGGS for their support, and the JUGGS readers for all the hot get-well cards they've been sending me. Most of all, I'd like to thank God for giving me my life-saving set of juggs. I'm going to start stripping again as soon as the doctors say it's OK. I'm out of the wheelchair, but it turned so many guys on maybe I'll work it into my act.

"I'm gonna live life to the fullest. I'm not scared of dying anymore. I know what's waiting for me up there in Heaven."

◆

In case some of you think we made this stuff up, we didn't! Penelope Pumpkins really did crash her snazzy car, and she was seriously injured. She's much better now, but you can send her all your horny get-well wishes to her fan club:

PENELOPE PUMPKINS
4461 PCH, C-309
Torrance, CA 90505

APRIL 1997
JUGGS

Manny's List

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cases. Why they should be saved. As would be suspected, most were the rich, powerful, and famous—who already consider themselves better than the common folks. I could boff almost any movie actress I wanted in exchange for adding her name to my list. I could be richer than God. But why would I need money on our new home? Oh, of course, I included my name to the list of survivors. After all, I must be of some value, considering I was chosen by the aliens.

I was agonizing over a myriad of possibilities when the warning bell sounded. My alien computer screen revealed the person knocking on my static-field.

Becky La Mouthe!

I had to smile. I was wondering how long it would take her to come begging for salvation. I beckoned Becky inside, dissolving just enough of the field to allow her passage. She stepped through the portal as a dozen crazed people ran for the opening. Quickly I re-solidified the field, the mob bouncing off its elasticity, falling on their asses.

I guess Becky thought she'd reached salvation with a little head.

"Well, my darling Becky," I said, stepping onto the front porch.

"Oh, Manny, I've been worried about you!" she said, sucking in the field's rarefied air, her awe-inspiring tits jutting out like torpedoes ready to be launched.

"Worried? About me?"

"Yes!" Becky said, running her pink tongue across her ruby lips. "You being locked up in here and all. Having the weight of the world on your shoulders. No one should have *that* responsibility. Especially you. Especially the man I love."

"Love? Me?"

She ruffled my hair with her well-manicured nails. "Of course you, silly. I thought you knew that. That's why I was always pulling those stunts. To get your attention. But you never noticed."

Oh, I noticed! Being a scientist, I didn't fall for her "love" bit. She was only trying to save her own ass. I decided to play along, even though I'd had more ass in the last two weeks than I could ever hope for in ten lifetimes—actresses, starlets, farm girls, and everything in between—yet I was still horny for Becky. As much with desire as for revenge.

"If you love me, Becky, you'll kneel and suck my cock."

"Here? On the porch?"

I nodded. I was the law—judge-jury-executioner—within the static-field. *Yes, on the porch.* With dozens of people watching through the transparent field. Becky would have to do as I demanded if salvation was to be granted. *Now that's power!*

Glancing around, Becky weighed her options, though she really only had one. Without a word she kneeled, unzipping my fly in the process. She didn't have to reach into my shorts for my cock, it sprung out to greet her.

Becky fisted my throbbing cock, slowly stroking it, engorging the shaft with even more blood, until I felt its veins might pop. Puckering her lips she kissed my cockhead, lapping at its slit. Her ruby lips ovaled and sucked in my head, causing me to jump and almost unload, then and there. But I resisted as her velvety mouth engulfed me, the bottom of my pulsating cock running across her silky tongue, the head tickling her uvula.

Sans hands Becky continued mouth-fucking me, increasing her tempo with each bob, my cock appearing and disappearing, until it was a blur glistening in the reflected light. Somehow I managed to stagger back, my cock popping from her mouth. She looked up at me with puppy-dog eyes. I guessed Becky thought she'd reached salvation with a little head. She was no pro. A talented amateur, yes. No more, no less. I should know, I've had pros working on me for over two weeks.

"Strip!" I demanded.

Becky acquiesced without hesitation. After giving head before a few dozen spectators, she couldn't be any more embarrassed. She began a strip-tease, inching her jacket off her arms, twirling it, letting it go, to fly through the air. She was good—I heard she'd worked her way through college as a stripper—but it wasn't what I wanted.

"Forget the act," I said, "get naked!"

Yet Becky continued her strip; perhaps it was the only way she knew how to undress. I grabbed her blouse and ripped it open, buttons erupting, one hitting me in the face. It didn't deter me as I gawked at Becky's braless 54EEE tits, motionless, their firmness and swollen nipples waiting for attention.

Grabbing hefty handfuls of her warm tits I buried my face between them, kissing, licking them, blowing hot air on their sweetness. My mouth found her left nipple, my tongue flicking at its tip, my teeth nibbling, stretching its elasticity. I sucked in

continued on page 83

Miss Lacey Dreams

LOOKING FOR THAT SPECIAL GUY

Sure don't know why, but I'm having a really tough time finding a man to love. I look at myself in the mirror every evening before I go on stage. I'm not ugly. In fact, I think I'm pretty darn cute. I don't have too many personality problems, either. I'm not pushy or rude. I don't throw too many star trips about who gets the best makeup mirror or anything like that. I'm nice with guys, too. I always sign autographs and if a guy asks me out on a date after my show, I'll look at him carefully. If I like what I see, I'll say 'sure!'

"My dates always go pretty well: I've had lots of nice dinners, evenings at the theater and moonlight drives with guys I've met at clubs. Things don't always go so smoothly in the bedroom, though.

Let's face it: I'm in the sex business, I make my living with my body. Lots of men look at me every night. They watch me dance and lie down on the stage and touch myself all over. I know that a lot of men have sexual fantasies about me. I know they go home and think of me when they make love to their wives or masturbate. I enjoy it. I guess when a guy is faced with the prospect of actually going to bed with me, he'll tend to tense up. He probably feels that he has to perform for me, put on a show of sexual prowess just like I do up on the stripping stage. He's worried that if he doesn't have a big enough penis, or if he doesn't make me cum a hundred times, that I'll laugh at him and tell all his friends. It's not true!

"Look, guys—I'm going to level with you. What I do on stage is my professional life. It's completely separate from my real life. What I want, in reality, is a normal, average guy who'll treat me with respect and be nice to me. I'd like a man who doesn't have a problem with what I do for a living; a man who won't be jealous if other men look at me with lust in their hearts. I want a man who'll be confident enough to know that he's the only one I care about, the only one I really want to be with, sexually.

It might be a good idea for me to tell you what I like to do in bed, what I want a lover to do with me. First of all, I need a good amount of buildup: I love kissing; I love having my breasts and ass stroked and fondled; I love having my nipples sucked. I have really big breasts. I know, they're not as big as the ones you see on some of the other girls in JUGGS, but compared to most women's, my tits are huge. They're very sensitive and delicate. I don't want you to mash or maul them, I want you to treat them tenderly. You'll see that if you spend a little time loving up my tits, and sucking my nipples, it'll make my honey-pot all juicy and warm for you.

"You can fuck my pussy as hard as you want. I like a good hard fucking. When you fuck my tits, though, you've got to be a little more gentle. I really do love having a penis fucking my tits. It makes them feel all electric. It makes my nipples hard. I love tit-fucking especially because it allows me to watch as the load of sperm shoots out of the prick-tip. That shows me that my lover has really experienced all the pleasure I have to give. Watching a man spurt makes me cum. The feeling of hot man-juice spraying all over my breasts and nipples sends me over the brink of ecstasy.

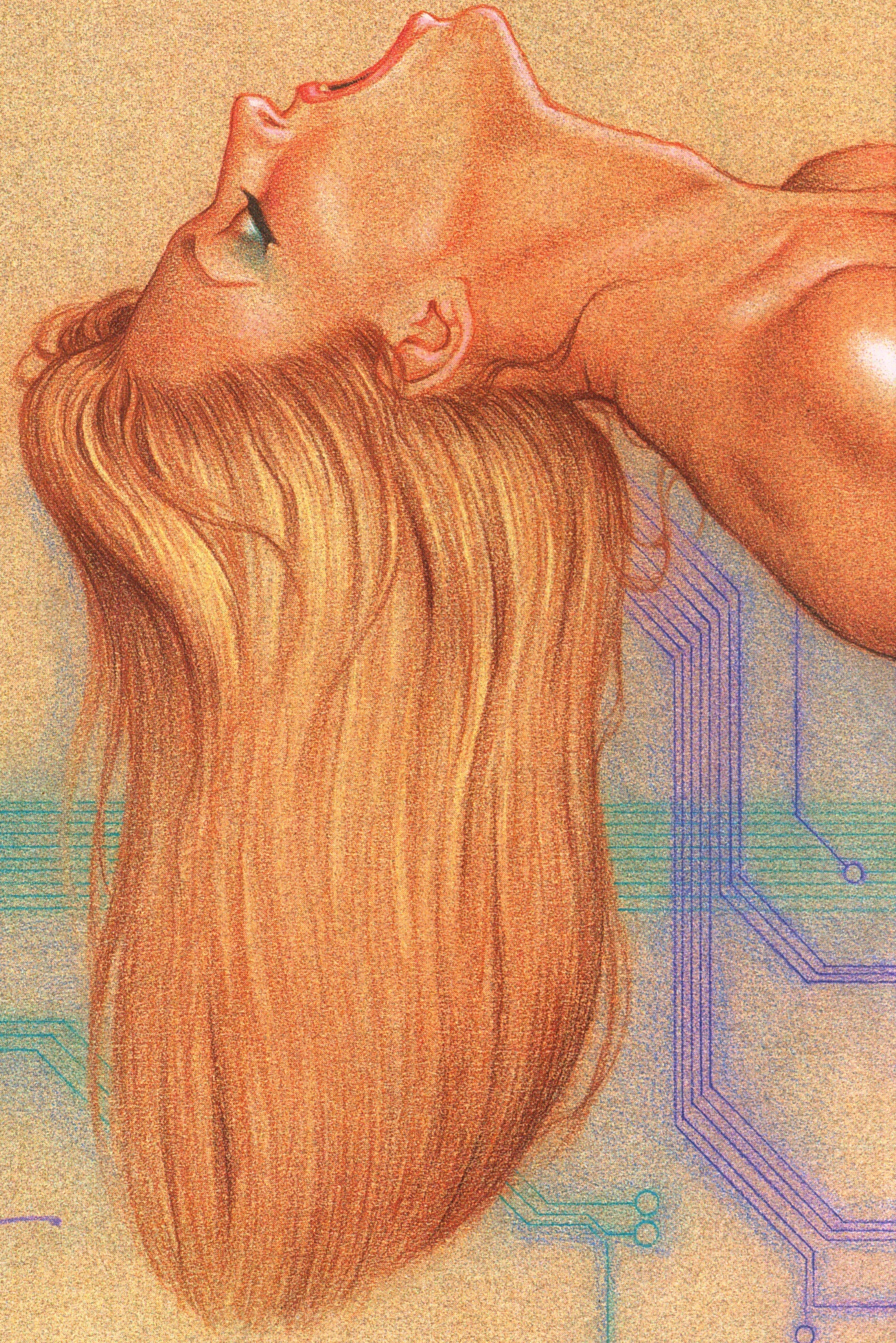
"I'm not a kid anymore. I probably won't be stripping for too many more years, let's face it. I really would like to find a man to settle down with. A man who'll make me feel loved and secure. A man who's man enough to give my big tits lots of good loving and attention. That's why I'm posing for you here in your favorite magazine. I hope Mr. Right will see my pictures and get in touch with me through all the nice people at JUGGS. Hoping, waiting to hear from you soon. Bye now!"

◆

THE STAKEOUT

Horny Dick Stalks a Pair of Cunning Fox Burglars

Fiction by J. Angus.................. Art by Jack Henslee



Frank shook his head and shifted his position slightly, trying to ease a crick in his neck. Staking out the warehouse had seemed like a good idea when he'd thought of it. It had even seemed like a good idea when he'd mentioned the idea to his client.

But after three straight nights of staying up and watching the dark warehouse he was not only getting exhausted but going stir crazy. Jesus, did he ever want a beer!

Somehow someone had been lifting expensive computer chips from this place for the last month. It wasn't too bad at first, but it had been getting progressively worse, which was why the owners had called him in.

Frank had opened his private detective agency ten years ago, right after quitting the force. It was ironic he'd quit mostly because he hated shift work.

He opened his eyes wide and looked up at a sound. He heard it again, only louder, then again. It was...coming from the ventilation ducts!

He stood up, his head craned back as the noise moved along the duct towards the wall. A few seconds later the air screen popped open and a pair of bare feet pushed out.

He crouched as the feet pushed further out, bare legs following. There wasn't a lot of light in the warehouse, but there was enough for him to see the oily gleam on the pale flesh as the pair of obviously female legs slipped further into view.

His jaw dropped as a very shapely, and very bare, female behind appeared. It was so perfectly round that his cock gave a little lurch inside his pants. He thought he was dreaming.

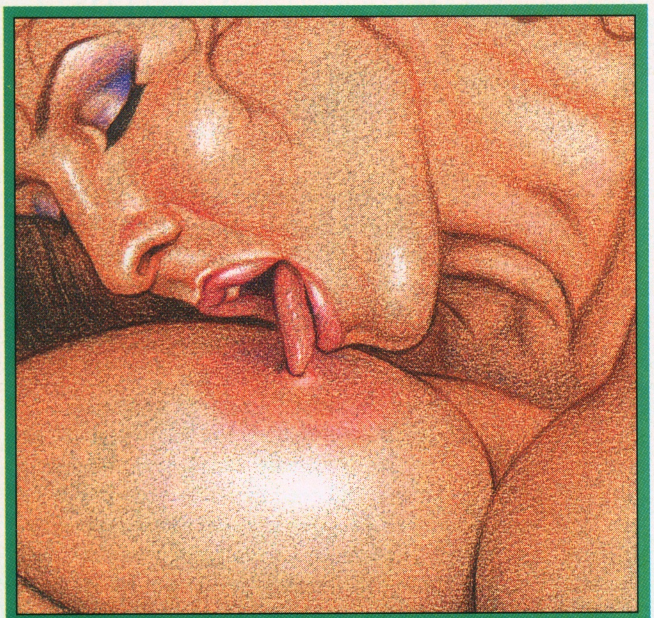
He took out his gun anyway, though it seemed unlikely she was armed, and watched as the woman, a blonde, her body oiled up to slide through the tight ventilation shafts, came

out of the small opening and hung from her hands briefly before dropping lightly onto the top of a desk.

He was about to move forward when another pair of feet appeared, and he eased back, watching as another woman's legs pushed through the opening, then another fantastic round ass came out. The first woman held her hands up to help the second as she dropped down onto the desk.

Then they both turned and climbed off the desk.

His eyes bulged, but his crotch bulged even more. He had never seen a pair of better stacked females in all his years! One was a blonde, the other a brunette, their mussed hair thick and shoulder-length. They were both gorgeous women who looked to be in their early twenties.



SHE HAD BLUE EYES AND...AND **HUGE** FUCKING TITS!

First suspect, he thought, imagining how she would be described in his report, was a female Caucasian with shoulder length straight blonde hair, approximately five feet seven, weighing approximately one hundred and twenty pounds. She had blue eyes and...and HUGE fucking tits!

Now that wouldn't sound quite right, but it was a legitimate part of the description. He guessed her to easily be a 40D cup, her tits impossibly round, jutting out in complete defiance of gravity.

The second suspect was about five feet five, and weighed maybe one hundred ten pounds. She was quite slender and delicate-looking, with a heart-shaped face, and a pair of 38D's that were way too big for her trim figure.

He couldn't keep his eyes off their jiggling breasts as the two walked across to the nearby stack of chips and each picked up a carton. This had to be a dream. It had to be! Things like this only happened when he was asleep!

"Freeze!" he ordered, stepping out from the boxes he was hiding behind and turning on his flashlight.

The two froze, their eyes glimmering, their oiled flesh reflecting his light as he approached.

"All right. Uh, hands up," he ordered, trying to keep his voice steady.

The two women looked at each other, then obeyed.

"Now I want you to...to...hey...what the hell are you...doing?" he demanded, his voice trailing off.

The two had turned to each other and began to kiss, their arms going around one another as they pressed their oily flesh together. His eyes widened as their tongues pushed into each other's mouths and their hands moved up and down each other's bodies.

"Jesus Christ!" he whispered, staring, his cock poking out demandingly against the crotch of his pants.

"Are you two...are you two...crazy or...or something?" he gulped.

His eyes zoomed in on all that fat, round, glistening breast meat as it squeezed and squashed and rolled together, pillowing out to the sides. He found his heart beating louder as the blonde and brunette sank down onto their knees on the floor, then the blonde pushed the brunette back onto the floor, licking and suckling at her erect nipples.

And they were big brown ones, so swollen he was almost drooling. His hand dropped and the gun pointed at the floor as he watched the blonde slowly lick and suck her way down the squirming brunette's body. The brunette spread her legs wide and the blonde licked at her pussy cleft as the brunette gasped and moaned and ground her hips.

He knew they were trying to distract him, but somehow he didn't care.

"Fuuuuuck!" he groaned, shuffling slowly forward until he was standing right next to them.

The blonde looked up at him and smiled coyly, then turned back to the brunette's snatch. She arched her back and pushed her glistening behind out at him, spreading her knees apart invitingly.

His cock jerked up of its own accord, and he shuffled forward another step.

"I...look, I...I can't..."

"Oooooooooohhhhh!" the brunette groaned, arching her back and thrusting those magnificent round breasts up towards the roof.

"Oh, fuck," he growled.

He jumped forward and dropped to his knees behind the blonde, running his hands reverently across her gorgeous, slick behind. Then his hand fumbled at his pants and he jerked them down, drawing out his bulging erection.

"Yesssss," she groaned. "Dooo meee!"

He rubbed his angry purplish cockhead up and down her oily cleft, then thrust in hard and deep. She groaned and pushed back against him as he felt her hot, tight sex close around his throbbing boner.

His hands moved up and down her flanks, then under to cup, or try to, her pendulous breasts. He spread his fingers wide and squeezed up, the digits all but disappearing into her soft meat as it oozed out around and between them.

He ground his hips against her buttocks, then began a hurried, desperate, almost frenzied stroking, his hips slapping against her behind, his cock pounding back and forth inside her hot, sucking pussy tunnel, thrusting furiously through the soft, wet folds of her sex.

Looking down at the brunette he saw her smile dreamily even as she wriggled and moaned in response to the blonde's licking. He leaned far over the blonde, his hands sliding up the brunette's belly and onto her breasts, squeezing and kneading them, pushing them together and pinching the fat nipples between his thumbs and forefingers.

"Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh! Ungh!" the blonde gasped. "Oh, baby! Yes! Yes! Do me! Doo meeeee!"

She slapped her behind back onto his prong as he thrust into her feverishly and then cried out in pleasure, her pussy spasming and squeezing down on his cock as she came.

She sagged down, then rolled onto her back as he dropped onto her friend and jammed himself home. She squealed and jerked her knees up and back as he jackhammered into her, both of them shaking as a mutual orgasm tore though their bodies.

They grabbed him and wrestled him to the floor, giggling and laughing. Four huge slick breasts crushed his face and he thought he'd gone to heaven as he opened his mouth and tried to chew and lick at all that titty meat. Vegetable oil coated them, and it had never tasted so good!

His entire head was soon slick with the oil as the two continued to rub and mash their big balls of meat around his face and head, laughing and giggling as he sucked and licked desperately.

The two women tugged his pants back down, then began to lick at his legs, working their way slowly upwards. The blonde took one of his balls into her mouth as the brunette sucked on his semi-flaccid cock, and both of them moaned softly in a way that was making his blood boil.

He raised his head, staring around in wonder. If this was a dream he didn't want to wake up.

His cock was quickly stiffening, and the blonde was bobbing her lips up and down, gazing up at him from beneath giant lashes. She pulled her lips off only to have the brunette take her place, while the blonde nuzzled at his crotch, her pink tongue darting out to caress his balls.

Somewhere inside him he knew...he knew that neither of these gorgeous women had suddenly turned into nymphos because he was such a hot-looking stud. He knew damned well this was some kind of trick, or some way they hoped to persuade him to let them go.

But that part of him wasn't in control, and anyway, he didn't much care. He was forty-six years old, didn't look like Mel Gibson, and wasn't rich either. There was no damned way he would ever have gotten a couple of hot, gorgeous girls like this even when he was in his twenties, and nothing was going to stop him from enjoying them now no matter what the results.

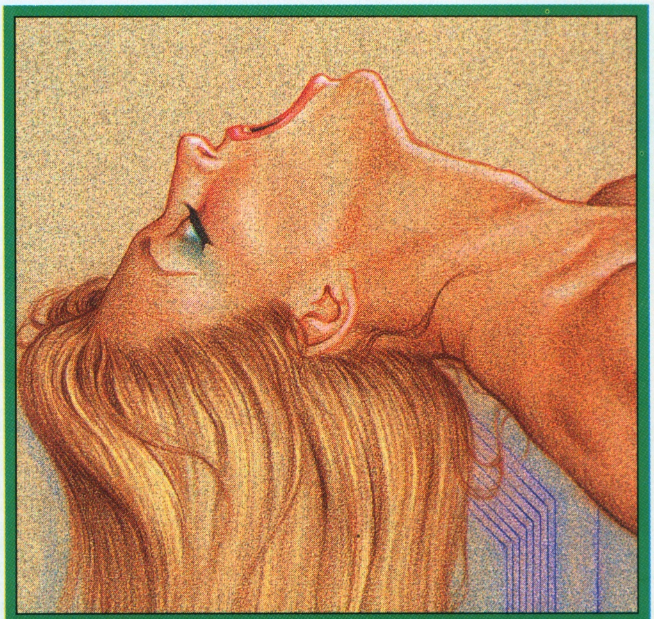
The blonde climbed atop his face and settled her soft, musky snatch down on his mouth as he squeezed her ass and started licking. The brunette, meanwhile, wrapped her fabulous breasts around his rigid prick.

He pried the blonde's pussy apart, revealing her soft pink inner flesh, and tongued his way up and down along each lip, then plunged his tongue into her small dark hole, slurping and scooping out her hot cream, letting it trickle down his throat.

Her girlfriend was mashing and squeezing her huge fat balls of flesh all around his cock and balls, giving him the best massage any man ever had. Then she pulled back and he felt vacant for a moment, until she dropped her tight pussy shaft down over his cock and started bouncing.

She gasped and groaned in pleasure, riding faster and faster atop his stiff erection as he continued to eat out the blonde, then he heard her cry out in pleasure before tumbling back and slowly rolling off his legs.

The blonde wasted no time, pulling herself up, turning, then sitting down atop his face again as he grabbed her sweet cheeks. Moments later he felt her heavy breasts press down into his belly, her mouth wrap itself around his prick.



"UNGH! UNGH! UNGH! UNGH! UNGH!" THE BLONDE GASPED.

He squeezed her ass while he chewed and suckled at her cleft, his tongue whipping furiously over her clitty now as he started to buck up into her bobbing mouth. He felt his belly tighten, felt his balls getting ready to explode, then a moment later he came with a powerful shockwave of pleasure that rattled his brain.

He thrust himself up into her mouth as he buried his face in her wet snatch and sucked voraciously, his mind swimming in a frothing tidal wave of sensory delight.

She sucked him bone dry, then suddenly rolled off. She turned, grinned, jumped to her feet, and ran to the desk. He was just starting to sit up when she jumped up for the vent, and the brunette—who was already inside now, caught at her arms and helped pull her in.

Neither had said a word, and he watched the blonde's beautiful ass wriggle seductively before it disappeared into the vent.

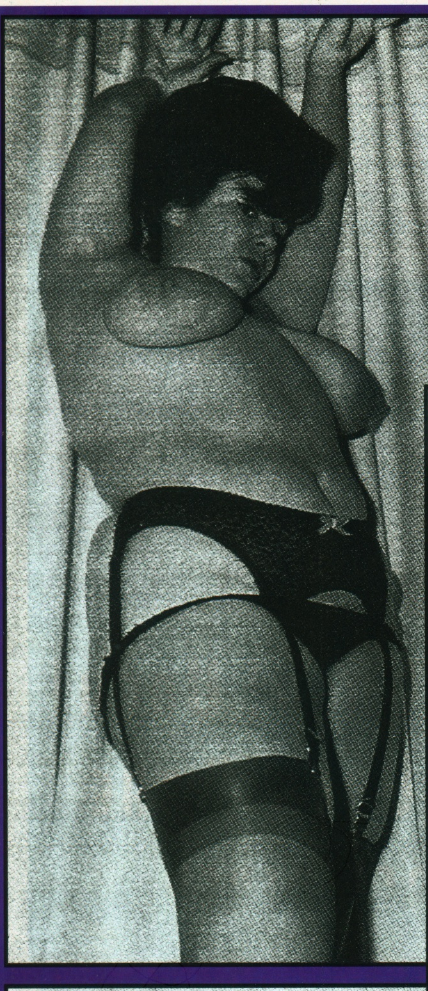
Overhead he heard their progress along the ventilation ducts for a minute, then the sound faded as they went through a wall.

The thought did occur to him that he could yank up his pants and run outside to see where they emerged, but somehow, he didn't find much enthusiasm for it. Hey, they were just a couple of sweet girls who...probably needed money desperately.

The next day he told his client how he'd surprised a youngish guy coming through the vent and chased him off. The outside opening was blocked off, and the company's products were safe.

Another case closed. ◆

HALLOWED HOOTERS OF HISTORY



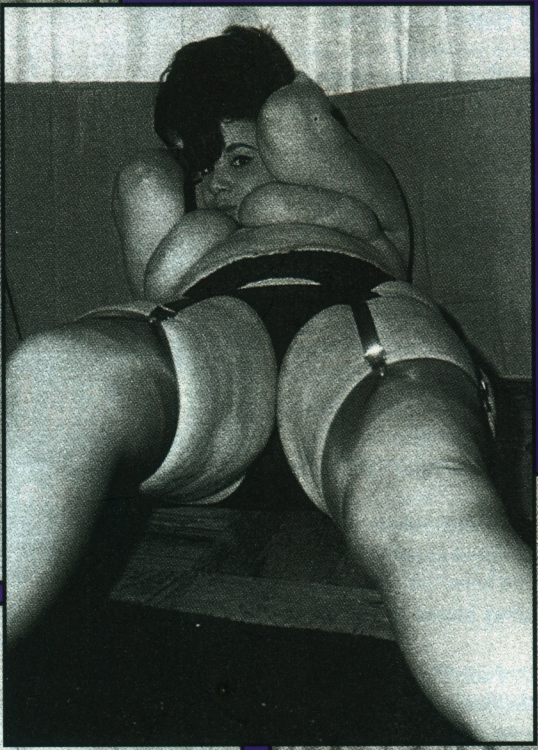
KRUEL KARLA

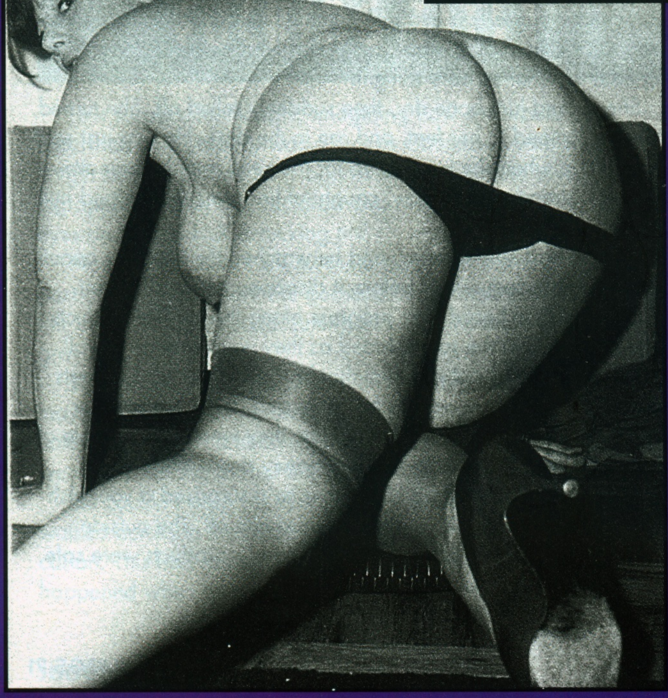
A BELLE OF THE ROLLER DERBY

What a sorry spectacle passes for Roller Derby these days! A thinly-disguised T&A show, with none of the guts n' glamour, none of the HITTING and SCORING of the game's Golden Age.

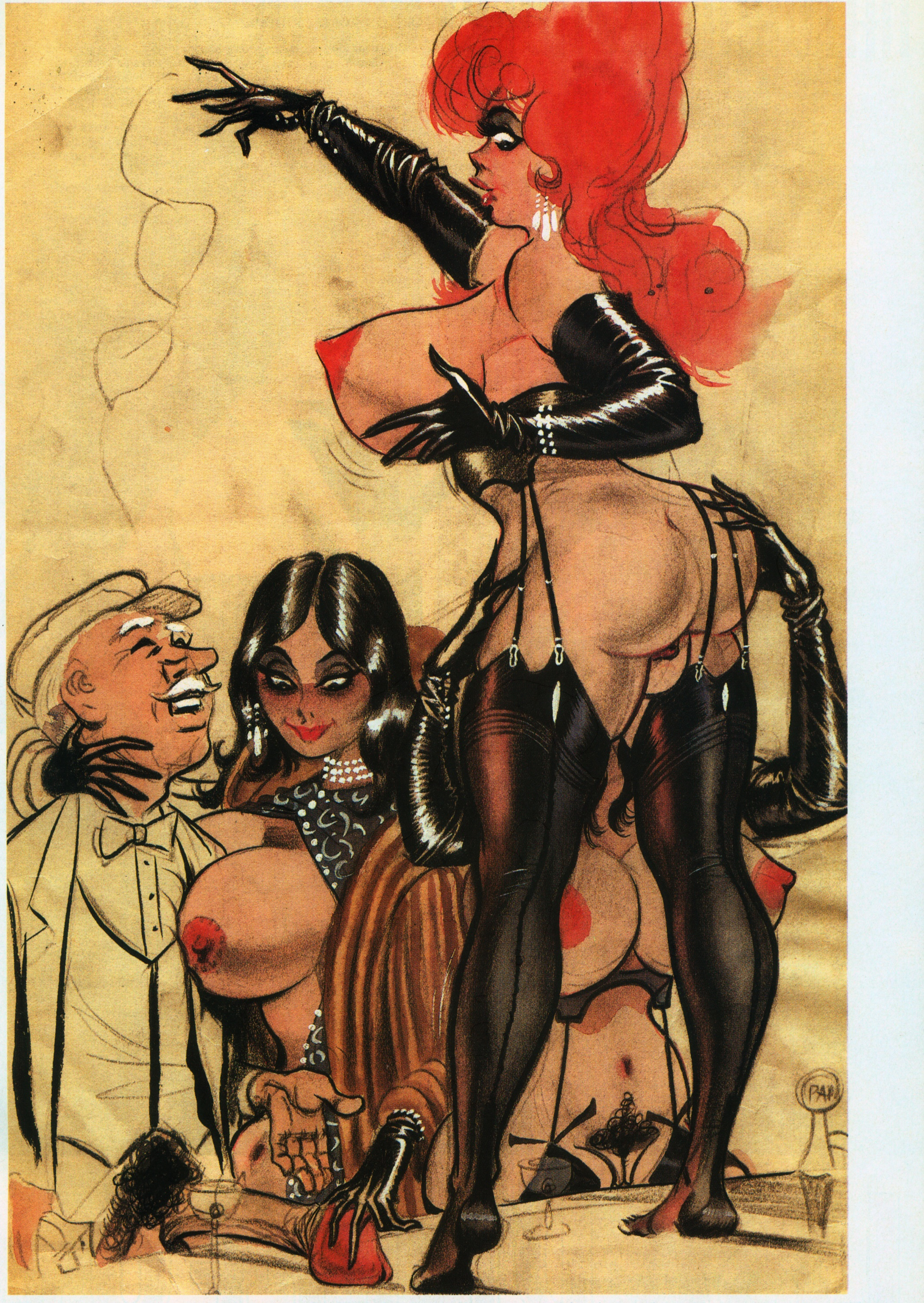
This magnificent champion, one of the many spunky dames on skates so revered in the late 'forties and early 'fifties, wasn't concerned about breaking nails or mussing hairdos! Roller Derby gals were out for blood, female blood. They lived in austere training camps and practiced their skills with relentless determination: the Tit Clamp grip; the Spinning Atomic Pussy Pincer (flying at an opponent with legs held wide open); the Nipple Butt and the now-outlawed Cheek-Spreadin' Head-Wedge.

The great teams have been disbanded, the rinks have been torn up and sold for scrap, the gleaming skates have been hung up on rusty nails, but the memories linger on, the lesbian relationships have endured, and the menacing whir of oiled ball-busting wheels resounds in the memories of these fierce females. ◆





Vintage 'Toons by the Great Bill Ward



Ach! Look, Greta—the Amerikaners *are* big tippers!

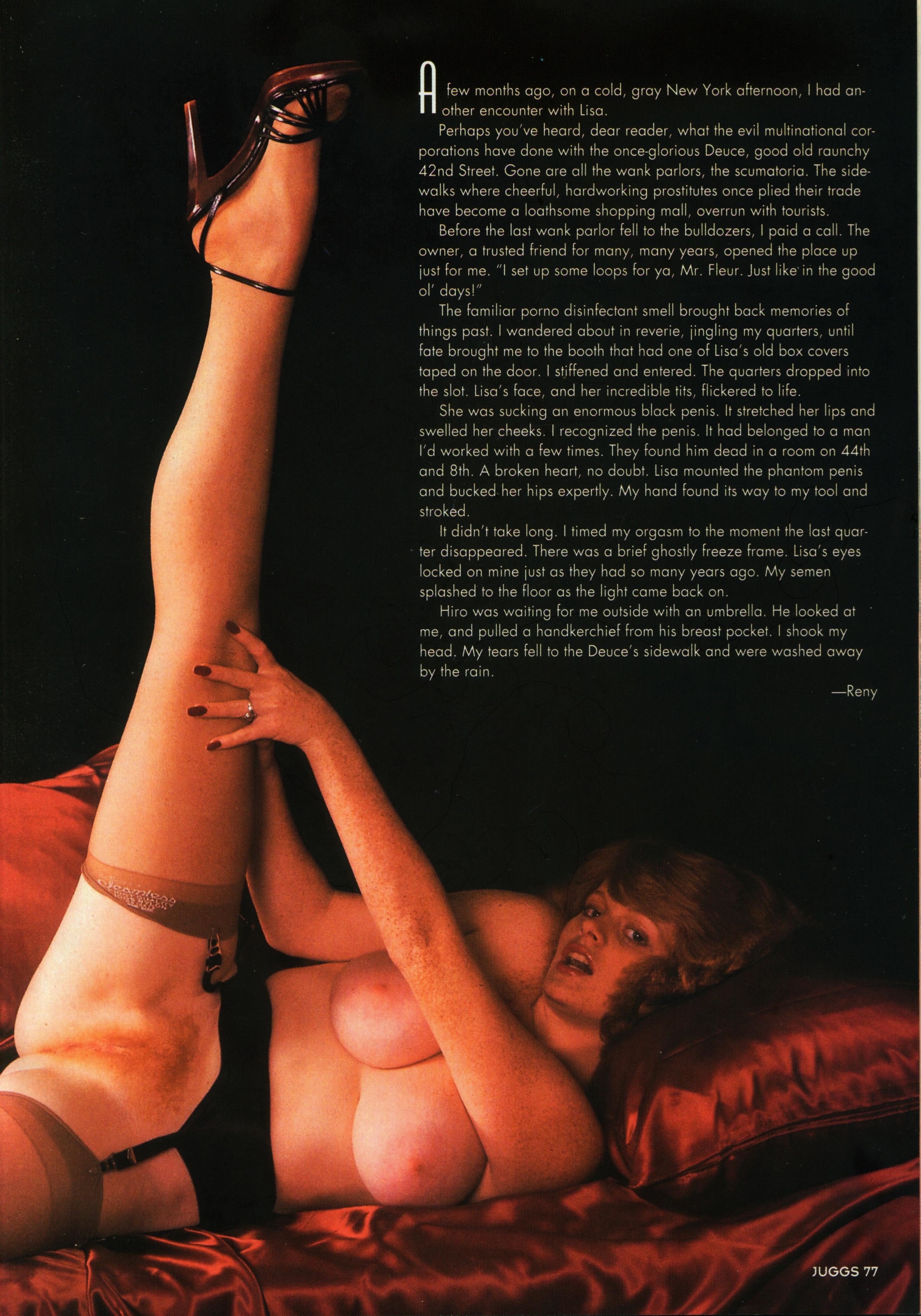
NATURAL WONDERS OF THE WORLD

LISA De LEEUW

Ah, Lisa de Leeuw! One of the finest redheads in porn history. As you might expect, there was once a love story involving Lisa and me. It's a complicated, hot and somewhat sad one.

She was still a shy beginner from the Midwest when I met her. She asked me if she had a chance and I responded by pulling a hard dick out of my pants. "You got me stiff in under ten seconds, Lisa babe. You've got what I like to call Porn Star Quality. I guarantee there'll be at least ten thousand rigid pricks being pulled to you on the Deuce every ding-dong day. Put yourself in my loving hands." We fucked on my desk. She was pure honey all over: freckles on her shoulders and between her big soft breasts; an ass so creamy that all the cows in Devon burned with envy. Her asshole smelled like almond blossoms. Her cunt, with its burning red bush, was hot and moist and clenched like a gorilla's fist. I'll never forget how she kept her eyes locked to mine. She was enjoying the fuck, sure, but she was learning too; drawing the fuck-knowledge out of me, absorbing the years of porn-experience along with my sperm.

She made it big, really big. Readers of a certain age will know what I'm talking about. It might be hard for you young guys, with all your phone sex, cyberporn and tactile dildonics, to imagine what the name Lisa de Leeuw meant to porn addicts in the '70s. We dated heavily for a while, but we both got caught up in the heady whirl, the glamour of porn's Golden Age. We drifted apart. We lost each other.



A few months ago, on a cold, gray New York afternoon, I had another encounter with Lisa.

Perhaps you've heard, dear reader, what the evil multinational corporations have done with the once-glorious Deuce, good old raunchy 42nd Street. Gone are all the wank parlors, the scumatoria. The sidewalks where cheerful, hardworking prostitutes once plied their trade have become a loathsome shopping mall, overrun with tourists.

Before the last wank parlor fell to the bulldozers, I paid a call. The owner, a trusted friend for many, many years, opened the place up just for me. "I set up some loops for ya, Mr. Fleur. Just like in the good ol' days!"

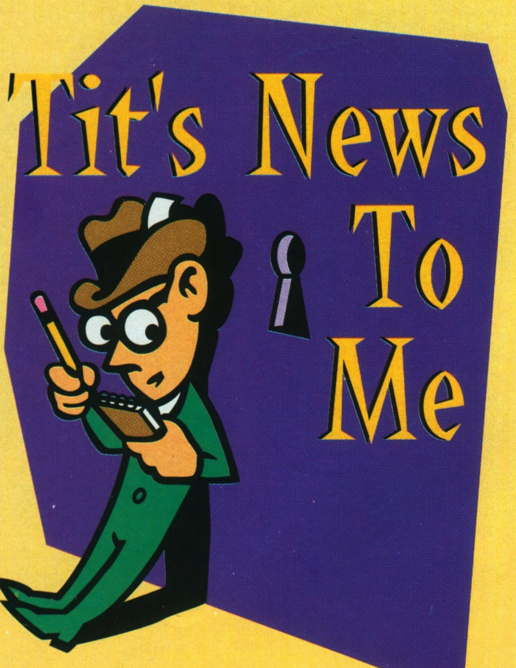
The familiar porno disinfectant smell brought back memories of things past. I wandered about in reverie, jingling my quarters, until fate brought me to the booth that had one of Lisa's old box covers taped on the door. I stiffened and entered. The quarters dropped into the slot. Lisa's face, and her incredible tits, flickered to life.

She was sucking an enormous black penis. It stretched her lips and swelled her cheeks. I recognized the penis. It had belonged to a man I'd worked with a few times. They found him dead in a room on 44th and 8th. A broken heart, no doubt. Lisa mounted the phantom penis and bucked her hips expertly. My hand found its way to my tool and stroked.

It didn't take long. I timed my orgasm to the moment the last quarter disappeared. There was a brief ghostly freeze frame. Lisa's eyes locked on mine just as they had so many years ago. My semen splashed to the floor as the light came back on.

Hiro was waiting for me outside with an umbrella. He looked at me, and pulled a handkerchief from his breast pocket. I shook my head. My tears fell to the Deuce's sidewalk and were washed away by the rain.

—Reny



Tit's News To Me

KEEPING OUR READERS HONEST

Laws—can't live with 'em; go to jail if you break 'em. They keep our national army of lawyers busy; our healthy libidos repressed. We've got oodles of laws in this great land of ours, and some of 'em are pretty wacky. All of this stuff was on the Internet:

—Michigan state law states that a woman's hair legally belongs to her husband. Pussy hair, too!

—Ohio women are breaking the law if they wear patent leather shoes. Shoe mirrors for men, however, are still perfectly legal.

—Forward broads in Dyersburg, Tennessee can get busted for calling up a stud to ask him out on a date.

—In Newcastle, Wyoming, jail time awaits those couples who do the hunka-chunka while standing inside a store's walk-in refrigerator.

—Mustachioed dudes in Eureka, Nevada are not allowed to kiss women.

—A woman may not have sex with a man while riding an ambulance in Tremonton, Utah.

—Breasts measuring over 48DDD may not be exposed in public in Bluegill, Nebraska.

—Arkansan macho men can beat their wives with impunity, but not more than once a month.

—If sexual urges overtake you on your wedding day in Oblong, Illinois, make sure you're not hunting or fishing. It's a punishable offense!

—Oyster molestation is strictly forbidden in Maryland.

—Bad news for operatically-inclined beauty pageant contestants in Sarasota, Florida: it's totally illegal to sing while wearing a bathing suit.

Whew! At least we can still buy all the guns we want.

WANTED...BY JUGGS

Nineteen-year-old Tina Rae Beavers was arrested in Great Falls, Montana for allegedly getting nude and fondling herself on a public lawn. The lawn in question is located directly in front of the jailhouse where Tina Rae's husband, Ernie Beavers, is being held pending trial on burglary charges. Ernie allegedly asked Tina Rae to put on the hot solo sex show. It's uncertain, as we go to press, whether he actually got to see his wife's public kootchie dance.

Tina's up on a multiple rap of indecent exposure, committing lewd acts in public and unlawfully communicating with an inmate. It's not her first brush with the law, neither: she was busted last summer for trying to sneak joints and cigs into the big house for her old man. You know they're going to send her up the river for a long, long time.

Tina Rae, we think you're a loyal wife and a totally cool lady. We want you to pose in JUGGS. We're gonna send you a cake...with a dildo in it. No, seriously—get in touch with us as soon as you're sprung.

HANDJOBS, NOT BOMBS!

We're happy to report that at least *some* of our tax dollars are being spent on a good cause. Eustace lost both of his arms below the elbows in a horrendous industrial accident two years ago. He recovered from his injuries, completed a course of therapy and was fitted with prosthetic forearms. Unable to ply his trade as a pneumatic metal press operator, Mr. H. was able to collect workman's compensation. Since his former employer is one of the country's largest defense contractors, he also was awarded a sizeable subsidy from Uncle Sam. Some bureaucrat, however, felt that Mr. H. was taking unfair advantage of "the system" when he engaged a nurse to make bi-weekly visits to his home for additional therapy. This nameless, faceless rubber-stamp-jockey claims that the nurse is actually a prostitute and that therefore the State is not obliged to pay for her services.

The woman who's been soothing Mr. H.'s hurt goes by the name Nurse Mona. A habitual wearer of clothing that reveals her stupendous (56G!) cleavage, Nurse Mona is perfectly open about the manual ministrations she has performed on her patient. "The poor bastard lost his friggin' hands!" she exclaimed at the hearing. "He's still got the same jack-off needs as anybody; what's he supposed to do? Get a robot? He needs the human touch, and I've got healing hands—what's the big deal? Besides, I only charge him twenty bucks a throw. Most of the girls in my line charge twice that!"

In a decision that would have made Supreme Court Justice Learned Hand proud, the judge in the case ruled in favor of Mr. H. and Nurse Mona. "It's a great day for alternative medicine," was her comment.

Manny's List

continued from page 60

a puffy silver dollar-sized areolae, the nipple tip crashing into the roof of my mouth. My tongue lapped at its pithiness. It was more yummy than I ever imagined.

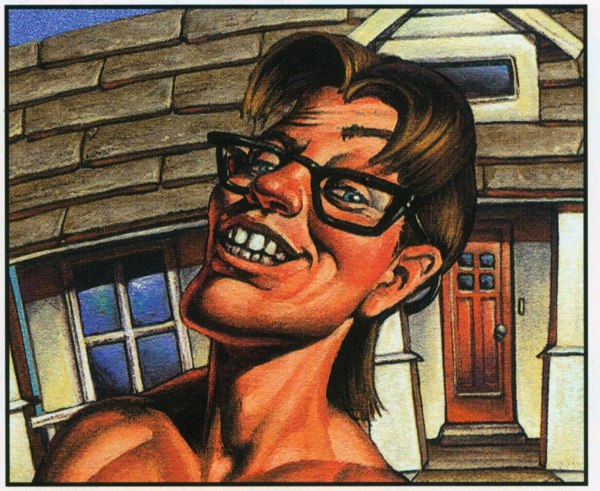
My mouth continued its massage of her heavenly-nippled tits as my right hand inched down her luscious body, to her skirt. I ripped it off, revealing her crotchless black-lace panties, and bent her over the porch railing.

I slipped my saliva-soaked cock into Becky's cunt as my left hand pressed into the small of her back, trapping her against the railing. Thrusting forward, I buried the full length of my cock in her, my nuts bouncing off her thighs like racquet balls. Then, gripping the railing with both hands, I rode Becky-Sweet-Becky with wanton lust, my knuckles turning white.

Becky squirmed, screamed, and moaned her pleasure as my mighty thrusts bounced her on and off the railing. Once satisfied with my rhythm and balance, I unhooked my hands from the railing, reached forward and caught her swaying tits. Kneading, massaging, squeezing her massively firm melons caused me to increase my tempo, until I was pumping her like a well-greased piston.

Then the railing broke.

Becky and I flew through the air—I almost polished her off in mid-flight—crashing hard on the grass. The mob outside the static-field cheered, slapping high-fives as Becky landed on her back, dazed, yet still with passion surging through her body. I landed next to her, my cock telling me that it was ready to explode.



I let her survive. Once a geek, always a geek, I guess.

Expeditiously I straddled Becky, mashing her tits around my woman-juice lubricated cock, thrusting instinctively into her cleavage. The sensation was so incredible as to be indescribable, my blurred vision was barely able to register my cock plunging between her tits—an act of the highest ecstasy. Another plane of existence? Another world? My ass-cheeks and balls constricted, my cock erupted its wad. A massive load which would be valuable on my "brave new world," but rather cheap on this one.

Becky entered her orgasmic cycle, hungrily gobbling my cum as it splashed into her waiting mouth. Once she had sucked me dry I rolled off her, onto my back.

After a few minutes Becky was able to speak. "So, Manny, can I join your group?"

I pondered her question. Becky had screwed up my program, forcing me to work on the Fourth. Not to forget her other pranks. Yet if I hadn't been at work on the Fourth I never would've received Metaluna's message, thus making me a survivor when Earth is atomized. My decision was swift, to the point, and final.

I let her survive!

Once a geek, always a geek, I guess.

While pondering Becky's fate I also determined the 1000 most laudable people to survive among the 270-plus million that reside in America.

August 12, 1998. This is my last entry. For now. Using the computer provided by the aliens, linked to every database in North America, I punched in the intellectual, physical, ethical, and psychological requirements of my thousand. The computer did the rest.

And fast!

Metaluna arrived at exactly high noon, in the guise of my dream-woman—nude, her 57GGG melons jutting out at me. I did my best to ignore *them* as I handed her my 1000-survivor list. She glanced at it, nodded, and told me that the people on the list would be teleported aboard the mothership. Well, the next thing I knew, my body began to tingle as I disintegrated and re-integrated in a tiny white room. Metaluna was there, telling me I was aboard the mothership, cruising 125,000 miles above Earth, that I would meet my chosen 1000 within two Terra-hours. Then she left, and I relaxed.

Two hours later Metaluna lead me into a enormous room, filled with 1000 confused people chosen to help populate our brave new world. My chosen people. Becky was off in a corner, probably wondering why I saved her. Crushes don't die easy. As for the rest?

I'd chosen 49 men, all in fine mental and physical condition. I couldn't do it all! I shook their hands before introducing them to the 950 women I'd chosen. My eyes and mouth—as well as theirs—watered. My chosen females were picked based on mental and physical characteristics. I had doctors, engineers, mechanics, educators, and whatnots; in fact, 19 women for each man, who would represent the USA on our new world. There was only one physical requirement shared by all the women—45EEE or larger tits.

Just past Saturn we saw the Earth explode on the ship's main viewer.

It was going to be the breast of all worlds! ◆

GAIL THE HUMAN BIRD FEEDER

"When I discovered that even my own fairly small tits could leak large amounts of milk I was so excited that I masturbated for days while squeezing my nipples and covering my chest in my warm white liquid. It seemed that my masturbation orgasms were so much more intense than they had been before my nipples started giving milk, and I couldn't wait to have a hard, meaty cock sliding in my cunt to see how much better that would feel!

"I went out dancing and met this guy who brought me back to his apartment and he turned out to be a real weirdo, because when he started playing with my tits and discovered that my nipples were leaking milk, he insisted on putting on this crazy bird mask. He said he wanted to celebrate the life-giving qualities of my precious tit milk as a kind of pagan ritual. I thought it was totally nuts, but my dripping tits had made my pussy so horny, I wouldn't have cared if he dressed up in a bear suit and called himself Smokey—I wanted to get fucked!

"I took off all my clothes and sat on a chair while he did some kind of unusual tribal-type dance around me. He got so involved in it that he was ignoring me and I started squirting streams of milk at him until I finally zapped him in the eye and he remembered where he was. He still kept dancing, but every thirty seconds or so he'd stop and grab my tits, pulling and squeezing them in all directions and causing more milk to squirt out. I was so turned on by this weird, rough treatment that my cunt started spasming and I had a tremendous orgasm. The force of it was so great that my ass came rocketing off the chair and I was actually airborne for a second. He took this as some sort of mystical signal and started squawking like a giant macaw, but I put up with it because he took his hard cock out at the same time.

"I wrapped my fist around it and started pumping like I was trying to produce a spark from the friction. His legs stiffened and he raised his arms out to the side and started flapping them like he was caught in a windstorm. We were both basically frantic, and I didn't think I could last much longer without his cock in me, so I just blurted out, "Fuck me! Fuck me now, you big bird bastard!"

THE HUMAN

Like an eagle diving for a trout he was between my legs, lapping at my sweet dripping pussy and working my clit up to another orgasm. I squeezed my nipples some more and jets of milk splashed against the top of his head. He raised his face for one quick mouthful and then without warning rammed his cock into my delighted pussy. He fucked me with long, steady strokes, causing me to moan with pleasure. The faster he fucked me, the louder my moans got and he started in again with his bird squawks until we sounded like the zoo at feeding time.

"When I finally had another orgasm, I almost toppled us both over, but he held firm and had his own orgasm at the same time. I could feel his powerful stream of semen squirting against my tight pussy walls, and my nipples were flowing like someone tipped over a bottle of cream. It was magnificent!

"Now all I need is a normal human being to do it with. This milking machine I got down at the hardware store is good for relieving the milk pressure and the swelling, but it's sorta cold and mechanical. How about you, big boy? How about some nice hot milk (and some nice hot pussy) straight from the source?"

•

TOPLESS, BOTTOMLESS, & FEARLESS

The Trials and Tribulations of American Nudism

by Frank Sandwell

Black's Beach in Southern California is probably the best known clothes-optional spot in the nation and is located only 15 freeway minutes north of downtown San Diego. Situated on a gorgeous stretch of beach below 200-foot cliffs, the crowds on Black's Beach can number in the thousands on hot weekends.

Black's Beach was recognized as a legal nude beach in 1974 by the San Diego City Council, but after complaints by some local homeowners in 1977, a referendum vote was taken and, sadly, its legal status was striped (pun intended) away. Only 23 percent of the registered voters turned out, and nearly 45 percent of them voted in favor of clothes-optional status. However, it seems that no one pays much attention to the law, as day after day nude bodies still pay homage to the California sun on Black's Beach.

But what are the true origins of nudism in the United States? To find this out, we must go back to a year when most people were heavily engaged in watching the exploits of two brothers from Dayton, Ohio. The Wrights were trying out a strange machine with wings on the wind-swept sands of Kitty Hawk, North Carolina.

In 1903, a certain Richard Ungewitter was finishing a book. This young German intellectual was writing about a proposed form of society in which, under certain circumstances, men, women, and children together would all go naked.

The book was called *Die Nacktheit* and in it Ungewitter cited many reasons for his startling proposal. He wrote about how bodies would benefit from being relieved of the tight and usually heavy clothing that was the fashion of the day. He suggested that the sight of human anatomy would quickly become commonplace and that sexual emotions would not be aroused. This, he argued, would have a strong effect in diminishing the incentives toward infidelity, seduction, and even more serious "social offenses." Ungewitter's plan held little hope of acceptance, but the practical aspects did not deter him. When the thin little volume of a hundred pages appeared in the bookstalls, it did begin to sell. Even the usually stolid German citizenry found its interest aroused by the title—*Nakedness*. Few believed what it had to say, but it did make interesting reading, and there were illustrations.

In another part of Germany, 25-year-old Paul Zimmerman had decided to take a chance on making practical use of this officially forbidden theory. At Klingeberg am See, Post Ponitz, he purchased a piece of property that he named Freilichtpark. After installing certain improvements in his Free Light Park, Zimmerman opened for business and announced the world's first and only nudist resort. Among the attractions were gymnastics, swimming, sunbathing, simple sleeping accommodations, and home-cooked vegetarian meals. In a few years, a number of new nudist parks were established in Germany and opened for business. By now nudism had a name, *Freikörperkultur* (literally, "free body culture"), and the abbreviation FKK came into use. By 1926, it was estimated that there were 50,000 active nudists in Germany alone.

In the spring of 1929, Mr. Kurt Barthel of New York, late of Germany, was thinking thoughts of fresh air, sunshine, and *Freikörperkultur*. Already he was in love with the country of which he had become a part, but he noted with genuine regret that there were no nudist parks available for the benefit of his fellow Americans. Obviously something should be done, he reasoned, to correct this deficiency. Furthermore, because of his considerable nudist experience in Europe, it seemed to him that he was the man for the job.

Barthel talked to the editors of two German-language newspapers in New York and enlisted their cooperation. Each paper carried a subsequent notice that if there were any *Lichtfreunden* (literally, light friends) among its readers, they were invited to communicate with Mr. Barthel.

The first response came in August: three young couples who had just arrived from Bremen contacted Barthel and expressed their interest. Barthel called on them and found them to be experienced nudists, entirely suitable for the project he had in mind. An outing was planned. On Labor Day, Barthel led the way to a suitable piece of property he had located and arranged for in the Hudson mountains near Peekskill, New York. It was a lovely site and the day was fine. Clothing was quickly put aside and the first formally organized nudist gathering in the United States became a historical fact.

Curiously enough, there had been one previous attempt to establish something akin to a nudist organization in Missouri in 1917. It was an outgrowth of a movement called the Common Sense Clubs which, for a short while, showed some signs of taking root.

However, the group that organized in 1929 had far better luck. As soon as its existence became known, a number of American tourists, still displaying German suntans, asked to join. Looking well ahead, Kurt Barthel decided that it would be good to set up a formal organization; he invited two other gentleman to join him at dinner and talk it over.

The meeting was held on the evening of December 7, 1929, at the Café Michelob on 28th Street, near 6th Avenue. Present were Barthel, Aloysius Patrick Flynn, and Victor Curci. After the sauerkraut had been ordered and served, Barthel outlined to his two companions what had been accomplished. They listened with mounting interest. Things were going well in the nudist world if not on the New York Stock Exchange. On June 8 and 9, the first International Nudist Conference had been held at Frankfurt-am-Main. Between three and four hundred delegates had attended, representing nudist organizations in Austria, Germany, England, France, Holland, Hungary, Italy, and Switzerland. Papers had been read, plans for a permanent federation had been set up, and the whole meeting had received a good and straightforward press. Freilichtpark was booming in its 26th year. And there were many Americans, surely, who would be only too glad to take advantage of nudist facilities if they were made available.

A decision was reached to found an organization to be called the American League for Physical Culture. After discussion it was agreed that a minimum of 300 dollars would be required to set up the new organization and provide it with the necessities for doing business. After examining their wallets, the three men found that between them they could raise exactly one tenth of the funds needed. With 30 dollars in capital and a vision of unlimited horizons ahead, they set out to establish nudism as a social force in America.

Two evenings later the League, as such, held its first meeting at a small gymnasium and swimming pool on Upper Broadway; 11 members attended. After that, during the winter months, the same facilities were rented regularly and the membership began a slow climb; by spring there were 50. When the weather moderated enough to permit outdoor meetings the League rented 21 acres near Spring Valley, New York, and opened the new season on June 21, 1930. The summer went even better than the winter, and by fall more than 100 names were on the League's active roster.

Some remain convinced that nudist beaches and resorts are nothing more than places of sexual debauchery.

On the night of December 7, 1931, the second anniversary of the League's first meeting, the locked doors of its rented gymnasium were broken down by burly policemen. A woman had complained, they said, that she

Hermann Goering banned nudism in Germany, classifying it with prostitution.

had been able to look from her window across the street (and several housetops) into the upper windows of the gymnasium and had thereby been greatly offended. Kurt Barthel had reason to believe that a rejected membership applicant had blown the whistle. Regardless, the assembled nudists were allowed to dress, after which they were hustled into waiting police vans, with a considerable audience watching the proceedings.

Naturally, there was much newspaper publicity and the entire affair became quite literally a seven days' wonder. On Monday, December 14, 1931, the defendants appeared before Magistrate Jonah Goldstein, sitting in Jefferson Market Court. Magistrate Goldstein acquitted the defendants en masse with the statement that, so long as the nudists had maintained their privacy and had avoided giving deliberate offense to anyone, they were not guilty of any lewdness and were within their rights.

By spring the League was in a position to purchase property for its permanent use. After considerable searching a plot was found in New Jersey, just 40 miles from Times Square, and with excellent inexpensive rail transportation available. The land was purchased and the first American nudist park as such was established. The happy opening of Sky Farm proved an omen of its future success. Soon the League changed its name to Sky Farm, Inc., and 25 years later it was still prospering.

In 1931, the nudist movement found a recruit in the person of the Reverend Ilsley Boone who, together with his family, affiliated with the American League for Physical Culture. From the beginning it was clear that he had an unusual and dynamic personality and he was soon elected a vice-president of the League, though he was soon to leave.

Then, early in the spring of 1933, newsstands in New York City and other parts of the country began to display a new publication called *The Nudist*. The first issue appeared for May 1933 (although it was designated Volume 2, number 3). The magazine was almost 10 by 13 inches and contained many illustrations of European nudists as well as much textual content. The initial appearance of the magazine aroused immediate controversy. Despite the retouched photographs, a considerable number of people considered it to be obscene. Nevertheless, the novelty of the subject matter helped to promote sales, and inquiries began to come in increasing numbers to the several nudist organizations listed.

While nudism was getting started in the U.S., it suffered a reverse in its native Germany. At almost the same time as the first convention was being held here, Hermann Goering banned nudism in Germany, classifying it with prostitution. The nudist resorts were ordered converted to Nazi youth camps. Goering's edict stood until 1936, when the Prussian Court of Appeals upheld the right of the nudists to continue as before.

By now the nudist park had entered into the national consciousness, often via newspaper or magazine accounts which contained the wildest distortions. A few accurate articles were published, but they were all but lost in a hubbub of misrepresentation, slander, and ridicule. The nudists were depicted as radical cultists, sun worshippers, health addicts, and as people without moral character. Burlesque strippers rushed to get into the act—fairs and expositions presented midway attractions purporting to show genuine nudists in a state of undress.

A man was even arrested in Chicago for peddling false membership cards to gullible males. Yet, despite misrepresentation and ridicule, nudism continued slowly to grow.

In the 1930s, the International Nudist Conference, which had gotten off to such a good start, seemed to disappear and the American Sunbathing Association (A.S.A.) quietly took its place. *The Nudist,* the logical source for an explanation of this change, remained entirely silent on the subject.

During 1940 and 1941 nudist activity began to quicken. This was abruptly terminated, on the twelfth birthday of the A.S.A., by the attack on Pearl Harbor. Almost at once the nudist parks closed and many of the nudists went off to war. *The Nudist* magazine now remained the only evidence that the idea had not been totally forgotten. The masthead was gradually changed to a new name, *Sunshine & Health,* and such news was published as could be gleaned from the thin sources that remained. Contributions were solicited and prewar nudist pictures were exhumed for reuse. However, not long after V-J day, nudism took up where it had left off, if anything stronger as a result of the hiatus during the war years.

American nudism's principal means of publicity during the early years was its magazines, but the Comstock laws and interpretations of obscenity greatly limited circulation of these periodicals and created a costly and ongoing legal battle. Magazines were confiscated and the Post Office refused to permit mailings. Finally, in 1958, the United States Supreme Court ruled that nudist magazines did not violate federal anti-obscenity law.

As it turned out, this decision created a backlash against nudist publications. The market became flooded with hundreds of pseudo-nudist and sexually explicit magazines. Worse, bona fide nudist publications were lumped together with them on the newsstands. Soon community outrage regarding "erotica" relegated all these magazines, whether nudist or not, to the so-called adult bookstores. But genuine nudist magazines, which had unfortunately always functioned as surrogate pornography for some, now had little appeal to those wanting sexually explicit material, so sales slumped.

From the years between the first camps in New Jersey to the present, nudist clubs have been established in almost every state of the union and parts of Canada. Over 100 resorts are listed in the A.S.A. Directory, with about an equal number of travel clubs which do not have their own land. However, there have been many martyrs along the way, and nudism is still illegal in some sections of the country because of city, county, or state ordinances. Nudist resorts in the city and county of Los Angeles, one of the most desirable recreational sunning areas in the country, were ruled illegal in 1939 because of bad press and vindictive politicians. This policy continued in effect for almost 30 years until the Elysium Institute successfully challenged the ordinance and it was declared illegal by the California Appellate Court in 1968.

One of the last notable persecutions of nudist resorts occurred in 1956 in Michigan, where radio evangelist Braxton Bragg Sawyer started a campaign to close Sunshine Gardens Nudist Resort. It was an unusually vicious attack. One of the people molested was in delicate health and her subsequent death was attributed, in part at least, to the way she was mistreated. The case went to the Michigan Supreme Court and resulted in a landmark decision, exonerating the nudists and upholding their right to private resort nudity. The judge declared the police's conduct abominable.

The American Sunbathing Association recently reported a membership of 40,000, estimating that over 100,000 "dropouts" have taken nude recreation and the nudist philosophy into their own homes and private social lives. However, the A.S.A. laments the fact that "In Europe, 18 to 20 million people, including 8 to 10 million Germans, go on nude vacations every year. Somehow they have managed to convince the authorities and their neighbors that they have the right to do so, and we must work for the same kind of recognition of our rights."

With large numbers of U.S. citizens feeling they have a right to be unclothed in specially-designated recreation areas, one would expect a more accommodating response from the authorities. But that is slow in coming. The "free beach" groups at times stage protests, are arrested, and through these arrests attempt to challenge the antinudity ordinances or municipal judges' decisions. There are a few legally sanctioned nude beaches in Oregon and Texas, and many quasi-legal isolated beaches known to be clothing-free throughout the U.S.—places where authorities do not interfere, like Black's Beach, near San Diego, mentioned at the beginning of this article. But for the most part, it's still a matter of finding a private cove away from the public eye, hoping no one will file a complaint.

No matter what is said, depicted or written, there will always be some who remain convinced that nudist beaches and resorts are nothing more than places of sexual debauchery. They are unable to distinguish between nudism and the boudoir nakedness which is coupled with aroused sexual interest. However, it may well be that in the next century a change in public opinion will occur as has happened before in the past. Should this take place, nudists may find themselves basking in the unexpected sunshine of popular acceptance and approval. ◆

TAKE MY WIFE

Betsy Lee

Milwaukee, Wisconson

"My husband is a JUGGS reader. Doesn't bother me a bit. In fact, I'm mighty glad he reads your mag. It makes him stiff and horny, and when he finally puts down your latest issue, he's all fired up to give me some real good lovin'.

"While he's giving it to me, he's always saying things like 'You've got such fabulous big tits, Betsy; you really ought to pose in JUGGS.'

"It's true. I've got really big tits. They're one hundred percent natural, too. Sometimes I think Hank married me for my tits. That doesn't bother me, though. He's a nice guy, not bad-looking and he makes a good living. I let him do whatever he likes in the bedroom because I want to make him happy. He loves for me to jerk him off with my boobs.

"Once, when we had only been married a few months, after my tits had rubbed his dick to orgasm twice, I said, 'How many times do you want to jack off between my tits?' I wasn't angry or anything, I just wanted to know when I was going to get some action for my pussy, because I was so hot that night.

"Henry said, 'Oh baby, I love your big tits so much, I think I could fuck them all night long!'

"That got me interested. I really wanted to see how many times he could do it. I greased his meat up good with some vaseline we'd left sitting on the radiator, and I put a handful on my tits too so they wouldn't get chafed. I lay down on my back and Henry straddled my chest. I squeezed my boobies together and jacked him off five times! When my arms got tired, Henry took over. He grabbed my tits and held them together. He bucked his hips and slid his rod in between them. Watching him do it got me really hot, and I couldn't resist reaching between my legs to masturbate. Henry came seven more times! I think he could have done more, but he kind of ran out of sperm and said it hurt a bit when he came. I said we'd probably better stop, 'cause I didn't want him to injure himself.

"Over Christmas, I started thinking seriously about posing in JUGGS. I knew it would make Henry really happy, and besides, the idea of thousands and thousands of men looking at me naked turned me on. I read a bunch of his back issues, and I must admit, the crazy stories all those big-titted broads were telling made me feel kind of shy. I haven't had any wild experiences. Henry's the only man

I've ever been with, and we just do it straight. Never done any swinging, or lesbian stuff or hanky-panky in public places. It's not that Henry and I are square or closed-minded; we're just happy with our regular old way of doing it. I guess I could tell you the story of the first time Henry fucked my ass.

"It was a hot summer night. Henry and I were doing it on the floor, with all the lights off and the windows open. I was in my favorite position: on my knees, with my face and tits pressed down on the wall-to-wall carpet and my ass up in the air. Henry was really pouring his cock into me. I was just about to cum when he slipped out. 'Stick it back in me!' I screamed. Henry grunted and thrust his cock…right into the wrong hole!

"Only it didn't feel like the wrong hole. It felt great. 'Oh Henry,' I said. 'That's my asshole you're fucking!' He said, 'Oops, sorry,' and started to pull his thing out, but I reached around and grabbed his ass and pushed so it went back into me. He started thrusting gently and after a couple dozen strokes I was cumming. It was completely different from cumming with my pussy; it was like my whole insides were shuddering with pleasure. I guess Henry felt it too, because he let go with a big load of spunk. We both felt real happy that we'd done it that way, and we lay on the floor cuddling and kissing for a long time afterwards. Now we do ass-fucking all the time.

"Here I am in JUGGS, honey. I hope you like how I look, and I hope you don't mind sharing my tits with all the readers. I love you forever, baby."

COLUMN·CANDY'S COLUMN·CANDY'S

I would love to hear from
all of you. Send me a letter
with all your dirty little
thoughts to:
CANDY SAMPLES *c/o*
JUGGS,
462 BROADWAY, SUITE
4000, NEW YORK NY
10013

WEIGHING THE MATTER

Dear Candy,

I enjoy JUGGS magazine and your column very much. I particularly like the pregnant women featured in the magazine. My wife enjoys the magazine and likes looking at the women, pregnant or not, with their large breasts. My wife has always wanted to have larger breasts since she was a teenager, and I wouldn't mind if she became bigger in the bust. She doesn't want to have surgery to have implants because she's not sure if she wants it to be permanent, and we can't afford it anyway.

I've been married to my wife for four years. She is 24, Hispanic, olive skin, long dark brown hair to her shoulders with dark red tints. She has a very sexy body and a beautiful face. She was an airline stewardess and homecoming queen at her high school and had thought of modeling. However, she would need to lose about ten pounds in order to become slim like those glamour models. My wife's measurements are 33C-32-34, and she's 5'3", 115 pounds. She wears a size 5 dress.

My wife would like to have a 34 or 35D bust. She suggested to me that she gain weight in order to try and increase the size of her breasts. Will this work? Will her breasts get bigger? Where does most of the weight tend to go on the female body?

Mike
Arizona

Dear Mike,

There is no uniform answer to your question. Females bodies vary in size, shape, etc., and you can't predict what will happen to any one in particular. What I can tell you is that if your wife starts to put on weight, she will put it on in the spots she's most heavy now. In other words, if your wife has a big ass and thighs, most of her new weight will go there. If your wife has big shoulders and a broad back and plump tummy, most of her weight will go there. Her tits may get bigger also, but there's no guarantee.

SWEET DREAMS

Dear Candy,

I finger through the pages of JUGGS checking out all the babes while jerking off, and I finish myself off while looking at your pictures. I'm 40 years old, and I've been yanking it to your photos for over 20 years. I wish I could sneak off and find you so I could fuck you senseless.

I've been married to my wife for 13 years. I love to have sex with her every night and day, and I love to jack off in front of her too. What really gets me is that I'm in love with you!

Yes, I have a wonderful married life, but when I fuck my wife, I think of you and all the nasty things we could do to each other. When I fuck my wife, I'm really fucking you!

Do you think this is a bad thing for me or my marriage that I think of you when I'm having sex? I don't know what it is, but I just can't get enough of you.

Your Secret Admirer

Dear Secret Admirer,

You've heard it said that the most active sexual organ in the human body is the brain. I see nothing wrong with fantasizing when you're having sex, whether it's thinking about your wife, about me, or anything else. I have always advocated using your imagination sexually, and that includes envisioning yourself making love to someone other than who you're actually in bed with.

I believe a good sex life is essential to a good marriage, and whatever makes sex good for you (as long as it's making it good for your wife too!) is healthy and appropriate.

SUCKED IN

Dear Candy,

I am a man who is crazy about watching women suck on their own breasts. I cannot find videos which feature this activity, so I am searching for women who will make me a "custom" video of about 20-30 minutes long in which they turn themselves on and bring themselves to orgasm by sucking on their tits (the tit-come orgasm is just by sucking; the tit-clit come is by fingering themselves while sucking on their tits).

I'm hoping you'll make a video like this for me. Let me know the cost and I will forward it along with my script of 2 tit-come and 2 tit-clit come fantasy.

If you know of anyone else who might make me such a video, please give me their address. Thank you very much.

Jack
Rio Linda, CA

Dear Jack,

I don't make custom videos anymore, but I can suggest contacting the famous and fabulous Chessie Moore, who has two of the biggest tits and the dirtiest reputation in showbiz. She's famous for her loyal fan following, and is known to make quality custom videos for them. You can even appear in a video with her! Her fan club address is: P.O. Box 265026, Daytona Beach, FL 32126-5026.

Another star who makes custom videos is the also-big-titted dancer, Kayla Kleevage. She can be reached by writing: 2437 Bay Area Blvd., #357, Houston, TX 77058.

Another alternative is a company in California called Falcon Foto. They have a whole line of solo videos by big-titted dancers and porn stars alike, and they might be of interest to you. You can contact them by writing: Falcon Foto, P.O. Box 69, Sun Valley, CA 91353. They also have a toll free ordering line on credit cards, if you know what you want. It's 1-800-38-BOOBS.

Hope this helps.

(PS - I'm sucking one of my tits right now!)

AGE OLD QUESTION

Dear Candy,

Hi. I'm very glad to write you. I'm a bodybuilder from Kansas, and an ex-male dancer. I've also done home porno/underground porno. I have a question about my sex appeal.

I'm black, 32 years old, and in the best shape of my life. I also am very popular with women 40 to 70 years old, and I don't know why.

I started having sex with a 50-year-old woman when I was 18 and have continued to have sex with older women throughout the years. The oldest I've been in bed with was over 70! Can these women tell I'm experienced with their age group? Is that why they come after my long black cock?

On occasion, I even go with a friend to visit his grandma and I end up in bed with her afterwards, with her kissing and beating my penis.

Also, I especially love older women with hairy assholes. I like to spread and smell a woman's ass and then count the hairs around her asshole before I tongue it and then butt fuck her.

Do you think this is just a wild side of my sexuality, or is it normal? It doesn't seem strange to me, but I wanted to ask you.

Rick
Kansas, MO

Dear Rick,

First off, I'd like to say, "Right on, grandma!" I'm always thrilled and delighted when I hear stories of older women having a sex life. It's such a depressing misconception that older people aren't interested in sex. It's a lie, folks. I'm constantly getting letters from people in their 60's, 70's, and 80's who are actively involved in sex and loving every minute of it.

I think it's a sad commentary on our society and sexual mores that people seem to be shocked when talking about older or even old women wanting and having sex. To me, sex is a lifelong pursuit. It's not only healthy, it's necessary. And necessary not just for the physical pleasure, but for a much needed emotional release. Orgasms are nature's way of recharging our batteries.

As far as why older women seem to pick up on your "vibes," to use an outdated phrase, I can't give you an answer, except to say that you probably send out signals they're able to pick up on. Perhaps when you look at an older woman, there is passion in your eyes, instead of the uninterested stare that most men would give. Perhaps they can sense you find them sexy, as even young women do when the right man looks at them. And remember, older women have had a lifetime of practice picking up on the signals men send.

Whatever the attraction is, I think it's wonderful that a young man such as yourself can give an older woman attention, affection, and sex. And this is coming from an older woman—me!

If any other young men out there are having sex with older/especially old women, I'd love to hear about it. And if any old women are reading JUGGS, I'd really love to hear from them!

Of course, it wouldn't be right for me to finish this response without telling you one of my favorite stories about young men I've had sex with.

I once fucked an adorable young guy on his 18th birthday as a favor. His name was Jerome and my meeting him was arranged by his much older brother-in-law, Sam, who was married to Jerome's sister, and she was my beautician at the time. I don't know if she ever found out about it, because Sam wasn't sure how'd she'd take it, so I never said anything to her. But, I digress.

Sam had rented out a motel room for Jerome, saying he was going to bring some of Jerome's friends there to throw him a six-pack party. Back then it was a ritual to get someone drunk on his 18th birthday. While Jerome sat patiently and expectantly inside, Sam gave me the key to the room and told me to go in and do my stuff, but to be easy on the "kid" because he was a virgin. Well, that was a birthday present for me too!

I can recall how excited I was as I slipped the key into the door and walked in. Jerome was sitting on the bed watching television with his hand down his pants playing with himself. When he saw me, his eyes widened like a raccoon in oncoming headlights, and he whipped his hand out of his pants faster than a speeding bullet. I felt awkward because I knew I had embarrassed him badly by walking in on his private moment, but I just pretended like I hadn't noticed and closed the door behind me.

Even though he was shaken and uneasy, and not having any idea who I was, his male brain told him to zero in on my ample tits, which were practically hanging out of my blouse, and he meekly said, "Who are you?"

"I'm your birthday Candy," I said, moving to sit on the bed next to him. "A friend sent me."

He obviously didn't understand what I meant, because there was still a blank look on his face, except when his eyes would flash again on my tits, and they'd light up like Christmas trees.

Instead of trying to be coy with him, hoping he'd get the hint of why I was there, I decided to not waste time and quickly undid the two buttons of my blouse and let my lovelies tumble out. He gasped like someone had squeezed the air out of him! I almost burst out laughing, but I held it in. I wasn't laughing at him, I was amused at how cute and innocent he was, and it made me want to cuddle him all the more.

"These are your birthday present," I told him as I lifted them up for his even closer inspection. "Go ahead and lick them," I told him, "They taste good."

Very tentatively, he flicked his tongue out and ran it across one nipple, causing it to harden like a little erection. Then he licked the other, and his breathing started to become so heavy I thought he was going to start hyperventilating. I figured it was time I take over the action before I lost him to unconsciousness!

I got up and removed my blouse completely, marveling at the way his face was flushing red. Then I reached behind me and unzipped my short skirt, letting it fall to the floor around my high heeled feet. I wasn't wearing any panties, and when he saw my pussy, he literally croaked. He actually made a croaking sound that I have no idea how to describe except to say it was pure lust coming into being.

I stood in front of him, relishing my role of seductress as I ran my middle finger up and down my now wet crack.

"This is your birthday cake," I teased him, "Would you like to eat some?"

He just nodded dumbly and his tongue hung out of his mouth like an excited puppy.

I went to him, took his somewhat trembling hand, and pressed it against my hairy wet spot. I was having so much fun thinking that mine was the first pussy he was going to fuck.

I lay on the bed and spread my legs, telling him to kneel between them and start lapping. I rested my legs on his shoulders as he dived in and licked and lapped to his heart's content. He wasn't very good at eating pussy, but how could I have expected him to be? I did the best I could to direct him and guide him along, but he was lost in lust as he got wilder and wilder. I finally raised his juice-soaked face from my pussy and undressed him as seductively as I could. It wasn't easy, because he was squirming and twisting like my every touch was a lightning bolt blasting through his body.

What I had suspected was happening actually did. When I finally got his underwear off I saw he had already shot his wad, and he was even more embarrassed than he was before. I tried to immediately put him at ease by telling him how lovely his cum looked soaking into his pubic hair, and then I licked it all off for him. He was astounded! And his cock rose rock hard in front of my face like the Phoenix rising from the ashes!

I engulfed his slippery cockhead in my warm mouth and he almost hit the ceiling! I slowly ran my mouth up and down the long length of his very attractive cock, swirling my tongue around and around, letting my saliva drip down on his balls. I could sense he was going to come again, so I stopped and quickly laid him on his back. Then I squatted over him and lowered my honeypot onto his pole. I watched as his face contorted in pleasure as my hot hole slowly engulfed more and more of his boner, until I had it all, and was sitting on top of him.

Slowly and intently I bounced up and down on him, feeling my pussy start to lubricate like a waterfall. I kept watching him as I increased my momentum, fucking him faster and faster, harder and harder until he grabbed my waist and let out a loud howl of dramatic pain/pleasure as he emptied a huge load inside my hot oven. It was magnificent, and I was totally pleased with myself. I had broken in a virgin to the wonderful world of sex!

My self-admiration was quickly interrupted, however, when there was a furious banging on the door. I quickly hopped off my mount, threw a towel around me and opened the door as Jerome hid his nakedness under the covers.

It was a very sexy-looking man from the next room over who thought Jerome's howling was a murder in progress. I assured him everything was just fine, and closed the door.

After blowing Jerome one more time (Boy, can young guys come a lot!), I dressed, kissed him sweetly on the cheek, said "Happy Birthday" one last time and left with the sweetest "Thank you" anyone has ever given me.

After closing the door to Jerome's room, I knocked on the one next to it and Mr. Sexy-looking opened it. We both smiled at each other and I entered. I wasn't done fucking for the night! ◆

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091704-4/97

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Confused? See Page 61

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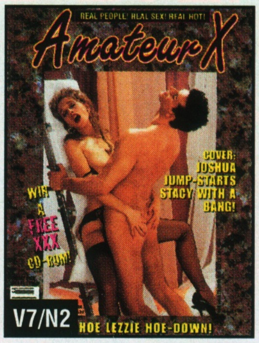
Amateur X
REAL PEOPLE! REAL SEX! REAL HOT!
COVER: JOSHUA JUMP-STARTS STACY WITH A BANG!
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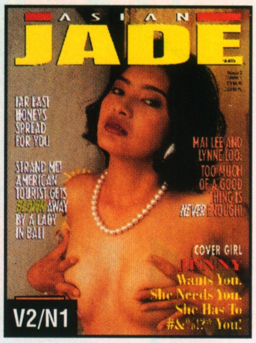
HOE LEZZIE HOE-DOWN!

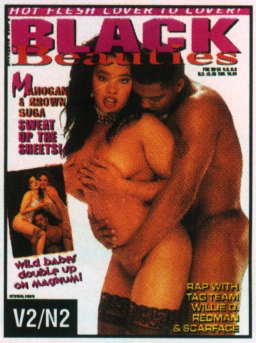
V7/N2


ASIAN JADE
FAR EAST HONEYS SPREAD FOR YOU
MAI LEE AND LYNNE LOO: TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING IS NEVER ENOUGH!
COVER GIRL JENNY

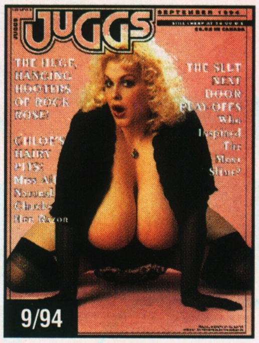
V2/N1

Big Butt
COVER GIRL: SHOOT FOR CONSUELA'S RIM!
7 BIG BABES REAR END IT!
ASS-TROLOGY FOR ANAL ADDICTS!

V5/N2


HOT FLESH COVER TO COVER!
BLACK Beauties
SWEAT OF THE SHEETS!
RAP WITH TAG TEAM WILLIE D, REDMAN & SCARFACE

V2/N2


JUGGS
SEPTEMBER 1994

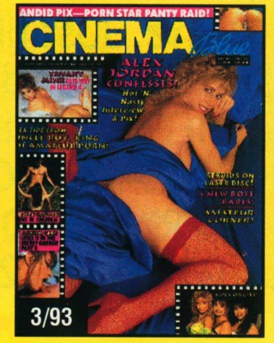
9/94

BLACK TAIL
WILD NIGHTS INSIDE THE BODY SHOP!
1st TIME TOGETHER! DOMINIQUE SIMONE GIVES IT... EBONY AYES GETS IT!
SAVAGE SEX! VANESSA, KENYA, ZAIR!

10/94

BUST OUT!
CLIMB THE ALPS!

8/94


CANDID PIX—PORN STAR PANTY RAID!
CINEMA Blue
ALEX JORDAN CONFESSES!

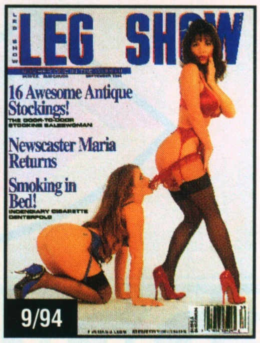
3/93

CLOSE SHAVE
COVER: RUTH SHAVES THOSE NASTY CURLIES!
12 BARE BEAVER BABES!
HOT NEW 'XXX' SHAVE FLICKS!

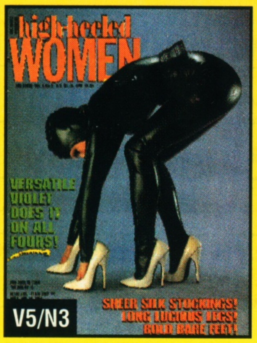
V6/N5

LEG SHOW
Vanessa Del Rio
Stretched To Bursting
Up The Skirt Only!

8/94


LEG SHOW
16 Awesome Antique Stockings!
Newscaster Maria Returns
Smoking in Bed!

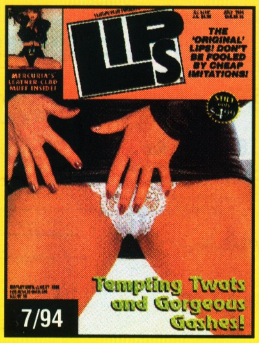
9/94


high-heeled WOMEN
VERSATILE VIOLET DOES IT ON ALL FOURS!

V5/N3

LEG SHOW PRESENTS
Barefoot Babes II
ALL MODELS BEAUTIFULLY, BLISSFULLY BAREFOOT!

V1/N5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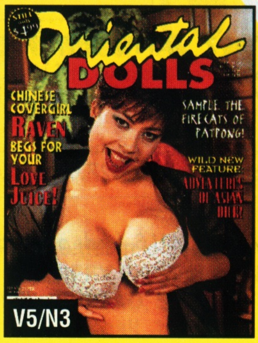
Oriental DOLLS
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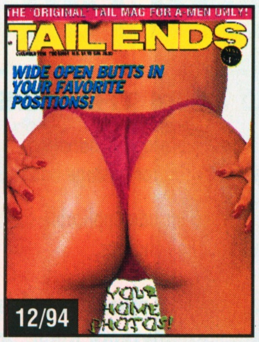
SAMPLE THE FIRECATS OF PATPONG!

V5/N3

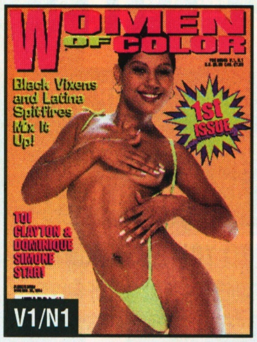
OVER 50
KITTY FOXX'S AMAZING NEWS... AND OUTRAGEOUS NEW PHOTOS!
EXOTIC DANCER TANQUERAY SHAKES HER BOOTY AT 54 IN TOP U.S. CLUBS!
MARTHA (57) GETS DRILLED BY THE HANDYMAN!

V5/N2

OVER 40!
SANDY KANE DOES SHOCK JOCK HOWARD STERN!
CHARLIE LaTOUR DOES THE BIG ONE
KITTY FOXX DOES 4 STUDS
CONKEY JAMES DOES 3!
12/94


THE ORIGINAL TAIL MAG FOR A MEN ONLY!
TAIL ENDS
WIDE OPEN BUTTS IN YOUR FAVORITE POSITIONS!
YOUR HOME PHOTOS!
12/94

PREMIERE ISSUE!
BLACK SATIN
AMATEUR HUNT! YOUR WIVES & LOVERS SHOW IT ALL OFF!
WILD PAJAMA PARTY: DIAMOND, PRECIOUS & SUGAR GET NASTY!
V1/N1


WOMEN OF COLOR
Black Vixens and Latina Spitfires Mix It Up!
1st ISSUE
TOI CLAYTON & DOMINIQUE SIMONE STAR!
V1/N1

Hot Salsa!
The Latin Explosion
VANESSA DEL RIO HOSTS OUR 1st ISSUE!
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11/94

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☐ HIGH HEELED WOMEN V5#3
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☐ BAREFOOT BABES V1#5
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☐ ORIENTAL DOLLS V4#9
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☐ OVER 50 V4#5
☐ OVER 50 V4#6
☐ OVER 50 V5#1
☐ OVER 50 V5#2
☐ OVER 40 JUL 94
☐ OVER 40 AUG 94
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☐ OVER 40 OCT 94
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☐ TAIL ENDS NOV 94
☐ TAIL ENDS DEC 94
☐ BLACK SATIN V1#1
☐ BLACK SATIN V1#2
☐ BLACK SATIN V1#3
☐ WOM. OF COLOR V1#1
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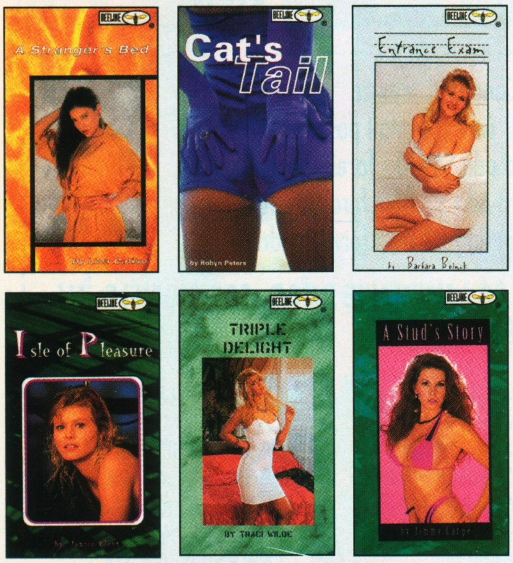

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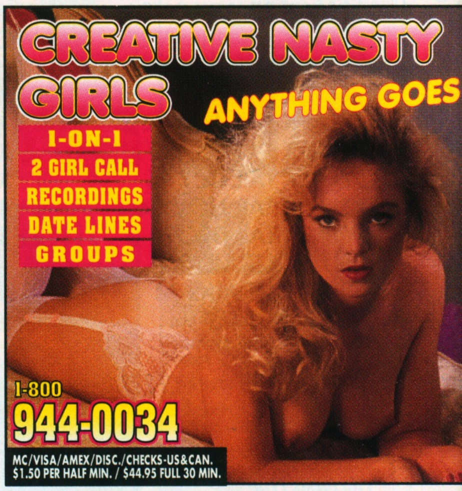

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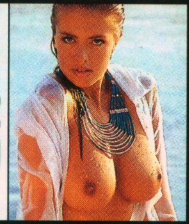

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FUCK MY PUSSY
1on1
DIRECT DIAL
ALL CALLERS WELCOME
NO CCs
NO REFUSALS
NO BLOCKING
ALTERNATIVE
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011 683 2888

INTERNATIONAL LD RATES APPLY

2520

PHONE SEX CALLS
1-800-815-6670
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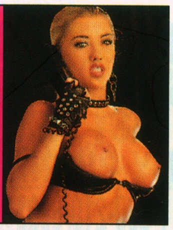

WOMEN IN GROUPS. PICK YOUR PLEASURE. 1-800-766-4489. ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.

TWO GALS DIRECT 1-800-207-8105. 18/OVER.

FANTASY ENCOUNTERS. 1-800-280-7482 ADULTS OVER 18.

SEX SAMPLES
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LADIES HOME NUMBERS 1-900-344-7776 ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY. $3.95 A MINUTE.
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US-630

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STRONGEST PHONE EVER!
NO MAJOR CREDIT CARDS
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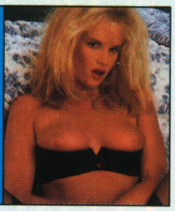
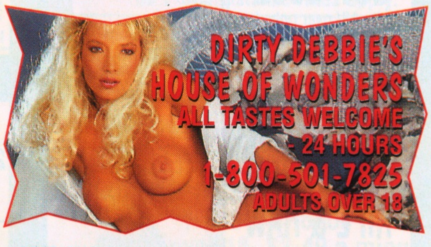
Adults over 18 only.



SWEET Buxom beauties bare their secrets. 1-800-811-9500. Adults over 18.

CYBERSEX CONNECTIONS
http://www.online18.com/hot-flesh • Adults over 18



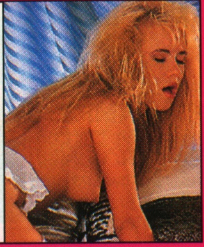
DIRTY DEBBIE'S
HOUSE OF WONDERS
ALL TASTES WELCOME
- 24 HOURS
1-800-501-7825
ADULTS OVER 18

LESBIANS 1-800-967-0116. ADULTS OVER 18

TALK LIVE 011-237-737-115
TALK SEXY 1-809-537-0686
Adults over 18 only. Int'l long distance rates apply.

SOFT & SMOOTH
011-592-565645
PICK YOUR PLEASURE
011-592-565633
Adults over 18 only.
Int'l long distance rates apply.

HOT SEX PHONE
011-237-737-113
1-809-563-0543
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY
Int'l long distance rates apply.



HOT SEX SAMPLES
1-800-816-5501
1-800-474-5472
Adults over 18 only

LADIES HOME NUMBERS
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$2.95 per minute.
Adults over 18 only.
One To One, 6025
Stage Road, #42-210
Bartlett, TN 38134

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1-800-714-1140
1-800-444-8478
Adults over 18 only.

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EROTIC ACTION!
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ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY
Int'l long distance rates apply.

US-478P

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NO BLOCKING
EVERY CALLER CONNECTS
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1ON1
ALTERNATIVE
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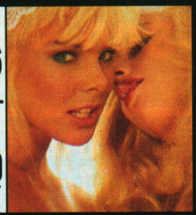
4250
011 683 ASS
2 7 7

INTERNATIONAL LD RATES APPLY

PHONE SEX 312-578-5426 Adults over 18. HOT PHONE 213-346-7910 Adults over 18.

TWO WOMEN
1-800-709-2226
ADULTS OVER 18
HOT PARTIES
1-800-588-2980
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY



FAST SEX BY PHONE
1-800-210-8802
1-800-258-5231
ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

215-764-3618 Adults over 18. 312-578-6844 Adults over 18.

HOT SEX DREAMS
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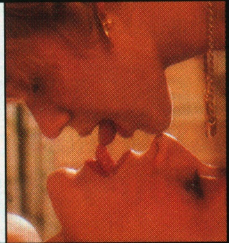
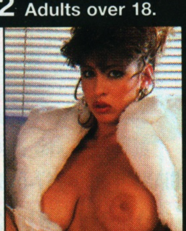
Adults 18/ over only. Int'l long distance rates apply.

KINKY LEATHER BABES
011-237-700-004
Adults over 18 only. Int'l long distance rates apply.



913-661-9692 Adults over 18. 415-393-1680 Adults over 18.

HOT & HORNY
011-592-561855
RIPE & RAW
011-592-565643
Adults over 18. Int'l long distance rates apply.



LIVE 1 ON 1
24 HOURS ANY PHONE
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011-592-561851
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Int'l long distance rates apply.

US-473P

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LIVE FANTASY 1 ON 1 1-900-344-5757
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For Ultimate PLEASURE
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Horny women want to turn you on!
1-800-871-1131 Adults over 18.

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FOR THE BEST QUALITY & PRICE IN PHONE SEX
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SEXY SARAH'S FABULOUS FEMMES
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THE ULTIMATE PERSONALS LINE!
Pick Your Pleasure. Women Are Waiting.
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We're friendly, hot & so hard-up!
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All Fantasies! All Fetishes!
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I'll do it! Tell me how you want it!
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Packs a wallop! 011-237-700-004 Adults over 18.
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HOT BLACK BEAUTY WILL GET YOU OFF!
1-800-506-5425 Adults over 18.

YOUR HOT THROBBING FANTASIES
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HOT PHONE SEX. DIAL DIRECT.
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PERSONAL PHONE SEX CONTACT
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HOT TALKING PERSONALS
Listen or record. Straight & Kinky
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PERSONALS! Real Names - Real Numbers
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HOT BABES! WILD 800!
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You Know What We Mean!
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CITY: ______________________

STATE: __________ ZIP: __________

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SPRINGFIELD, NEW JERSEY
07081-3121

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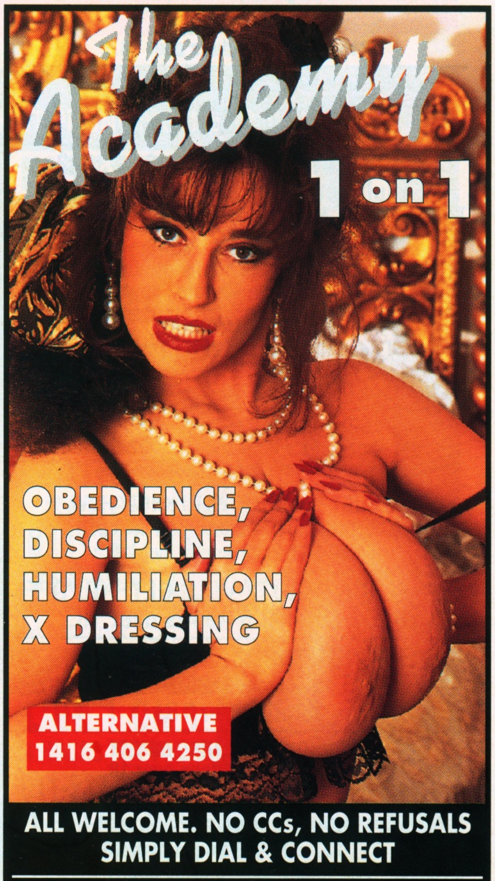

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18 & OVER

The Pink Pages

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Lesbian Phone Sex
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ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.

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ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY

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ADULTS OVER 18 ONLY.

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no names, please
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